



The Nation

VOL. XIV., No. 15.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1914.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., 1d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	625	"The Larger Liberalism." ...	640
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		By E. L. C. Watson ...	640
"Britannia Contra Mundum" ...	628	Russian Political Prisoners. ...	641
The Labor Ballots ...	629	By Vera Tschalkovsky ...	641
Mr. Chamberlain's Retirement ...	631	Fair Trade. By Immo S. Allen ...	641
The Plumage Bill ...	632	The Term Catholic. By A. Liberal Churchman ...	641
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		The Kikuyu Controversy. By A. Moderate. High Churchman ...	642
"The Romance of India" ...	633	The Kingdom of Albania. By Lt.-Col. A. Grimshaw ...	642
The Joy of Boots ...	634	Haywood ...	642
Poems by Two Brothers ...	635	Blake and British Art. By Archibald G. B. Russell ...	642
NEW LAMPS FOR OLD:—		POETRY:—	
XI.—The Iconoclast. By Henry W. Nevins ...	636	The Collier's Wife. By William H. Davies ...	642
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	643
Home Rule and Federalism. By Geoffrey Le M. Mander and Moreton Frewen ...	636	REVIEWS:—	
The Right of Capture. By Professor Lujo Brentano ...	638	St. Francis in Homespun ...	644
The Liberal Party and Armaments. By Osborne M. Adams ...	639	"A Poet of Promise" ...	645
The Land Campaign. By Arthur Aronson and Bernard L. Strauss ...	639	The Freeholder Theory of Society ...	646
The Strike and Public Services. By Councillor Arthur Hickmott ...	639	The Byzantine Empresses. By Sir Edwin Pears ...	647
British Indians in South Africa. By Violet Solly ...	640	A Reporter's Note-Book ...	648
		High Spirits ...	648
		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
		Painters and Painting ...	650
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	652

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE threatened naval increase has become the first political issue of the hour, and even in the Unionist press, since the Criccieth interview, it takes precedence of the Ulster question. Among Liberals there is a general response to Sir John Brunner's call for protests, and the group which is being formed among Liberal Members of Parliament to resist an increase of the Estimates now numbers over one hundred. In a speech at Bristol, Mr. Hobhouse has associated himself decisively with the economists. We were now, he said, on the best of terms with Germany, and he was convinced that no increase in our relative strength was necessary. He believed, further, that reductions were possible, and suggested that they might come about by our leading the way in building smaller ships. So detached a speech from a member of the Cabinet is a sign that the dominant feeling in the party will be allowed to decide this issue. The Conservative press, meanwhile, though it has revelled in its conventional abuse of Mr. Lloyd George and the "Little Navy" party, has failed to invent any plausible excuse for panic. The "Times" concentrates on the demand for the building of British Dreadnoughts to replace the three offered abortively by Canada.

THE Criccieth interview has been hotly discussed in the French press. It has had a warm welcome from M. Jaurès and also from the Radicals of the Caillaux

school. But the "Temps" expresses ponderous annoyance, and M. Clemenceau, whose journalistic output has lost nothing in violence with the decay of his wit, has given way to vulgar vituperation. French criticism takes two lines. It is pointed out, with some reason, that if we succeed in inducing Germany to economise on the navy alone, she will become on land a graver menace than ever to France. The other point, taken both by the "Temps" and M. Clemenceau, is that we must try to be "serious," that we must remember "the balance of power," and do our duty as a member of the Triple Entente, which both of them describe as though it were a military alliance. The argument that the French return to three years' service deserves some parallel sacrifice on our part is used to make an increase of our navy appear a sort of duty owed to France.

THIS ill-temper of French militarists is largely explained by their dissatisfaction—voiced both by the "Temps" and M. Clemenceau—with the present working of the Russian Alliance. Russia is, for some reason, barely consulting her partners in her Eastern policy. She none the less expects from France (as other French papers state) a loan of £100,000,000 in five yearly instalments, of which a part is to be spent on strategic railways near the German Eastern frontier. But there is no security that the money will be so spent. In Germany meanwhile, Mr. Lloyd George's pronouncement has not been much discussed. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" has a wholly sympathetic leading article. The hostile comment comes only from the Krupp press and from Count Reventlow, whose attitude is as inevitable as that of our own Navy League.

THE bad feeling between General Botha's Government and labor which has smouldered since the Rand Strike, resulted this week in an attempt at a general railway strike throughout the Union. The Government is pursuing a policy of economy, has dismissed seventy men, and intends, it is said, to dismiss 500 in all. In some cases, dismissed men have been offered reinstatement at lower wages. It is said, even by the "Times" correspondent, that the railways are so far from being over-staffed, that there are not men enough to carry out the most necessary repairs to the rolling stock. Failing to get satisfaction, a mass meeting at Pretoria resolved on a general strike, which the Executive proclaimed without a ballot, and with only one day's notice, throughout the Union. The response, so far, shows the danger of such precipitate tactics. The men in the Transvaal workshops have come out, but even there only a few of the drivers have struck. In the other colonies, there is said to be little disposition to obey the Executive. The strike will not be serious outside the Transvaal; nor even there will it be general.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has told his constituents that he will cease to be their member when the present Parliament comes to an end. A long and peculiarly intimate association is thus broken. Mr. Chamberlain has been disabled for public life since 1906, but the people of

Birmingham naturally cherished to the end the formal tie that linked their city with its distinguished past. No public man in modern times has held such a place in the affections and the history of a great town, and the celebrations that marked the thirtieth anniversary of his first election for Birmingham displayed a passion and emotion rare in such public courtesies. The interest of his retirement from Parliament is, of course, sentimental rather than political—it is the loss of a name rather than of a member; for he has taken no part in the life or work of the House of Commons since his illness and it was known that his active career was closed. But round his name there gathered a cloud of those dramatic memories of character, of battle, of achievements and disasters, that make the legends and the epics of politics. His friends and his opponents, disagreeing on almost everything else, will agree that of no man living could it be said with such truth that if his imagination had been captured by other causes the history of his times would have been profoundly different.

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THE report of a breakdown of the Ulster negotiations, to which the "Morning Post" gave currency on Wednesday, has been promptly and authoritatively denied. But though the statement in the "Post" is unfounded, it possibly expresses the wish of some extremists in the Unionist Party who would reject any overtures that did not involve the exclusion of the four counties. We need hardly repeat that, both in justice to Ireland, and in the interests of any future federal scheme to which Home Rule may be made the stepping-stone, we do not see how the Government could accept such a proposal. The Prime Minister has pronounced it unworkable, it would be strongly opposed by the Nationalists, and even Lord Lansdowne has declared that the prospects of the Irish patient would not be improved by a "severe surgical operation on the most vital part of his body." Fortunately, the prospects of agreement are not bound up with the question of the exclusion of Ulster, and it is satisfactory to learn, as the "Westminster Gazette" assures us, that no adverse factor has interrupted the course of the negotiations.

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THE inquiry into the conduct of the Dublin Police is taking place under most unsatisfactory conditions. It was originally understood that the Commission would include some representatives of the working classes. In fact, it is composed of lawyers. The defence of this selection betrays a strange view of the realities of the issue, for it is stated as an apology that the Commissioners are opponents of the Government, as if the question at stake were some wretched squabble between parties and not the rights and safety of citizens. We cannot imagine, Liberals though we are, why anybody should have any more confidence in the examination of the conduct of the police by a lawyer because that lawyer happens to be a Unionist. The Dublin Civic League, an important body in this connection, has refused to give evidence, as a protest against the composition of the Committee. Meanwhile, the temper of the police is illustrated by the loud laughter that greeted Mr. Handel Booth's question whether there were not many people in the street at the time of the baton charge who were carrying prayer-books. Yet it is obvious that, if the truth is to be discovered, no question could be more pertinent and necessary. On Thursday, Mr. Booth withdrew from the inquiry by way of protest against the behavior of the counsel for the police.

BALLOTS are now being taken among the trade unions under the Trade Unions Act of last year, and they are of great interest and importance. It will be remembered that by that Act trade unions recovered the power of making compulsory levies for political purposes, but provisions were inserted to protect the dissenting minorities. The union has to ballot its members; if a majority are in favor, the levy may be made, but individuals may claim exemption from subscribing or from having their subscriptions applied to political purposes. In the Miners' Federation 81 per cent. of the members voted, and the figures are 261,000 for and 194,000 against the political levy. The Northern Counties Weavers' Amalgamation show a smaller majority, the figures being roughly 98,000 to 75,000, the percentage voting being higher, viz., 89. In the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, on the other hand, the percentage voting was very small, for out of 154,000 members, only 33,000 took part in the ballot, with a majority for the levy of 7,800. The percentage was not much larger in the case of the Amalgamated Association of Operative Cotton Spinners, where about 35 per cent. voted, the figures being 4,826 to 3,376. The Railway Clerks are much keener, 74 per cent. voting, and 91 per cent. of those voting for the levy.

* * *

BOTH at Leeds and Blackburn the prospects of peace seem brighter. The ice has been broken at Leeds, where Mr. Clynes has had two interviews with the Special Committee of the Corporation appointed to deal with the strike. This was the result of a meeting of Liberal Party leaders, who agreed that the time had come for a conference. At Blackburn the Trades Council have decided to take a plebiscite on the wages question, and on Thursday the Mayor announced his intention of calling a representative conference of the parties. Mr. Clynes has contradicted the rumor that his union had picked out Leeds and Blackburn for experimental contests.

* * *

THOUGH the outlook in the Near East is stormy and complicated, there is no longer any reason to fear serious disagreement among the Powers over the Ægean Islands. Semi-official statements issued in Berlin and Vienna announce that the Triple Alliance accepts the proposal of the British Note to attribute those islands to Greece which she now occupies. The fate of Rhodes, however, and the other islands held by Italy is by no means decided. Turkish intentions are another matter altogether, and when her new Dreadnought is ready, she undoubtedly means to make an effort to recover some islands from Greece, as she recovered Thrace from Bulgaria. Enver Bey has this week been made Minister of War, and this alone promises an energetic policy. The new broom has swept 280 senior officers out of the army at one swing, ostensibly for incompetence, but possibly for political reasons. He is an ardent Germanophile, and will work in close touch with the newly-appointed German staff, a fact which is noted with much bitterness in Paris and St. Petersburg.

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A ROMANTIC rumor connects Enver Bey's nomination with a plot to seize the Albanian throne. While all the more advanced elements in Albania, whether Moslem or Christian, desired a Christian prince, there has always been a small Turcophil reactionary party, led by some big feudal nobles, which desired a Moslem prince. This explains Essad Pasha's escapade last year. It is now said that Izzet Pasha, lately the War Minister of Turkey, who is an Albanian, resigned his post in order to press his own claims to the Albanian throne. On

Tuesday evening, a mysterious ship, with 200 Turkish soldiers on board, came into the port of Avlona, intending to start a pro-Turkish movement in Izzet Pasha's interests. The soldiers were quietly disarmed, and the plot has failed, but clearly the Young Turks are bent on making trouble. More serious is the question whether the Greeks will quietly evacuate the Albanian territory which they hold. The Greek plan seems to be to fight an unofficial campaign with large bodies of troops, who will don an insurgent uniform for the purpose.

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For the third time the German public has re-lived the crowded weeks of the Zabern comedy. The trial of Colonel von Reuter has been even more interesting than the Reichstag debate or the court-martial on Lieutenant von Förstner. It has shown this typical Prussian officer in all the sublimity of his limitations. His defence for all that happened is simply that the townspeople of Zabern laughed at the antics of his subalterns. He does not deny that he ordered his men to use their weapons in earnest. He had his machine-guns ready, and for a whole night he kept twenty-seven civilians, mostly women and lads, shut up in a coal-hole on suspicion of having laughed at him. Nor need this have led to any trouble had not a civil judge been arrested along with the old women and the street boys. What verdict the court-martial will pronounce remains to be seen; it is the object-lesson for public opinion that matters. There is no doubt that the militarist party wishes to make a battle-ground of the Zabern incident, and the German press has this week published two telegrams of encouragement, which its leader, the Crown Prince, sent to the military authorities in Alsace.

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We wonder whether any document has ever left a public department that can compare with the letter in which Mr. McKenna gives his reasons for keeping Mr. Stewart in prison under the Blasphemy Law. The Home Secretary's conduct seemed extraordinary enough before. But we now know, from no less direct a first-hand authority than Mr. McKenna himself, that his reasons are more extraordinary than his conduct. For the Home Secretary, after stating that Mr. Stewart did his best to wound other people's feelings, goes on to include among his reasons for keeping him in prison the fact that Mr. Stewart gave lectures on "Family Limitation," and sold appliances with the doctrines he preached on that subject. Now it turns out that Mr. Stewart was prosecuted for indecency and acquitted. Mr. McKenna, therefore, is punishing a man for an offence of which he was acquitted, and for conducting a propaganda which is not punishable by law. Thus, the Blasphemy Law is made the instrument for defeating the verdict of a jury. Professor Murray may well declare that he does not know whether this is more like the Star Chamber or a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

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DR. LAZARUS-BARLOW, the Director of the Cancer Research Laboratories of the Middlesex Hospital, made in Thursday's "Times" a statement which leads to the hope that medical science is now at last on the track of a cure for one of the most fell diseases to which mankind is liable. The cancer department of the Middlesex Hospital only admits cases that have passed beyond surgical aid, and from June to September, 1912, the mortality in these cases was 100 per cent. But in the corresponding period of last year, out of sixty-eight

patients admitted and treated by the radium method, thirty-two were in so favorable a state as to be discharged from the hospital. Dr. Lazarus-Barlow says that it is yet too early to talk of an absolute cure, and that time is required to substantiate the unprecedented results achieved, but he holds that there is no longer any doubt of the immediate effect of radium on cancerous growths. The great obstacle to the use of radium in hospitals is its cost. Its present market price is £20 a milligram, although Dr. Lazarus-Barlow believes that it could be sold at a profit for a few shillings.

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MR. BRYCE was, we think, a little too pessimistic in his very interesting address on education last week. He said that he had often been told by large employers in different countries that the English youth compared less favorably with the youth educated in other countries. He thought also that there was less care for the things of the mind in England than elsewhere. Both verdicts are, we fear, true. The causes are partly in our character, partly in our institutions, and partly in the demoralizing sectarian quarrels of which education has so long been the sport. But Mr. Bryce, we think and hope, is a little less than just to our own age in supposing that we are actually getting worse in these respects. After all, the most inspiring and spontaneous movement in education, the Workers' Educational Association, is the product of the last few years. In the growth of the modern Universities Mr. Bryce evidently sees a danger, but it is also a great opportunity.

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MR. BRYCE's special fears are for secondary education, and there is good reason for them. But it must be remembered that the first impulse to throw over everything for technical education has already been checked, and that it is coming to be recognized more and more that technical education is a very bad substitute for general education. Here, however, a great difficulty presents itself at once. Sir John McClure, of Mill Hill, pointed out, on Tuesday, in his opening address to the Incorporated Association of Head Masters that the salaries of secondary school masters are a public scandal. There are a few large public schools in which men are liberally paid, but in the great mass of the schools men are doing very high and responsible work for the salary of a clerk. Until the State or the parent recognizes that decent teaching for boys and girls is of such value as to make some financial sacrifice desirable, this state of things will continue, with results very disastrous to the efficiency of the schools.

* * *

ON Wednesday last, Dickens's John Jasper was arraigned for the murder of Edwin Drood before a court of men of letters, with Mr. G. K. Chesterton as judge, Mr. Shaw as foreman of the jury, and other students of Dickens acting as prosecuting and defending counsel. The trial has obtained a great deal of attention, but ended in the absurd verdict of manslaughter, the jury being apparently determined to act up to their foreman's warning to Mr. Cuming Walters, who led for the prosecution, "if the counsel thinks that a British jury is going to be influenced by the evidence, he little knows his fellow-countrymen." The fate of Edwin Drood and the identity of Datchery have been fascinating problems to many minds, but we fear that Wednesday's discussion did not contribute in any marked degree to their elucidation. It was, however, an amusing performance, as well as a proof of the interest still evoked by Dickens's unfinished novel.

Politics and Affairs.

"BRITANNIA CONTRA MUNDUM."

It is the quality of leadership to rouse the enthusiasm of friends and to stimulate the opposition of opponents. Mr. Lloyd George has done both by that direct, outspoken, and vibrating New Year's message on armaments and peace which the "Daily Chronicle" published. It is for Liberals the most encouraging event of recent months, a sign that their protests against a fatal misdirection of policy have had their effect, a guarantee that in this crucial controversy their leaders are with them. To our opponents, on the other hand, it brought a summons to party controversy, and relieved them for the moment of the difficulty, peculiarly embarrassing in the present crisis, of arguing for some vast extension of the Navy on its merits. It is always easy to go on hitting an opponent whom it is your habit to hit, and in party politics a well-established habit of this kind leads to much economy in thinking. But let us, as the "Temps" adjures us, "be serious," and face the real issue which this interview has raised. The general premises of the discussion are not in dispute. No one professes to regard an unlimited naval strength as a good, or as an end in itself. No one is wholly blind to the mischief of diverting to unproductive uses wealth which is urgently required for education, for land settlement, and for social reform. Nor is there, when men are sober and candid, any illusion as to the futility of this unremitting competition. Mr. Churchill himself has said, as Mr. Lloyd George said the other day, that no Power really secures by it any relative advantage. Navies are increased, armies grow, and soldiers see their term of service lengthened, but the opposing Power has always its answer, and on the new scale the balance of forces remains what it was. As little, on the other hand, did Mr. Lloyd George propose, while things remain as they are, to lessen our actual expenditure, or to lower our present standard of strength. The controversy begins when we are told that this year's expenditure must be greatly exceeded, and it becomes acute when we are invited to consider what are described as our "whole-world requirements," or to build against the united fleets of the Triple Alliance. There is more in this than a question of detail, of a less or greater margin, of a delay of some months in the laying down of this ship or the other. It is an issue of principle. Do we build a navy to ensure the safety of these islands and their commerce? Or are we forging a weapon for the use of a Continental combination in a struggle to turn to its advantage the Continental balance of power?

A year ago the position seemed simple. We had abandoned the now unmeaning Two-Power Standard. We had frankly recognized, what all the world knew, that the German fleet supplied the measure of our strength. We had fixed our building at a ratio of sixteen to ten against hers in new capital ships. The preponderance is immense, not only because our ships are more powerful than hers, but also because behind it stands our much greater superiority in the older and still valuable types. No one imagined that we fixed this ratio because we really supposed that three and a fraction of our great ships,

backed by the Lord Nelsons and King Edwards, were required to meet two German ships. The enormous margin was allowed because we have commitments in other seas which might forbid us at a crisis to concentrate our whole strength at the opening of a crisis in home waters. The ratio was offered and accepted, and the unlimited naval rivalry seemed to have reached its term. To-day the whole arrangement is challenged. It is said that we may add to our total whatever ships the Colonies build, and further, that if the Colonies disappoint us, we must make the deficiency good—a deficiency, be it noted, beyond the ratio of a 60 per cent. superiority above the next strongest Power. There is talk of our "whole-world requirements," of some additional navy for Mediterranean use, and finally of the obligation of building, not against Germany alone, but against Austria and Italy as well. This is bad strategy; it is a defiance of geography; it is muddled politics; and, finally, it is bad faith. Worst of all, it is a megalomania to which no limit could be set. We bear in mind about the Mediterranean this primary fact—that it is a guarded sea of which we hold both exits. We recall that the Triple Alliance is not a naval league, and contains no clause against ourselves. We presume that if by some inconceivable folly we had rallied an always friendly Italy, a neutral Austria, and a reconciled Germany against ourselves, our diplomacy, infatuated up to this imaginary point, would still have had the wisdom to assure itself of French if not Russian support. The more the "Temps" "seriously" reminds us that we belong to the Triple Entente, the more we retort that France possesses a fleet and that Russia is trying to build another. There is only one point of substance in all this talk of our whole-world requirements. Our commerce needs protection, and if a fleet concentrated in home waters cannot adequately protect it (a point we do not concede), the remedy lies clearly in taking the initiative to abolish the right of capture.

In all this vague megalomania we see only a desperate attempt to use any argument which comes handy to demand a navy beyond our needs and beyond our resources. We cannot build against the whole world, and, short of this ambition, our only course is to provide for the risk that is possible. In the immediate issue before Parliament there is one test question which cannot be shirked. Do we, or do we not, regard the three unrealized Canadian Dreadnoughts as an integral and necessary part of our strength? If the answer is that we do so regard them, then there was a case for the marked acceleration which has taken place this year in the building of three ships of our own accepted programme. There will also be a case for laying down shortly three further ships beyond our normal requirements. In that case the sixteen to ten ratio has been thrown to the winds, and the hope of reaching any measure in our Continental competition abandoned. If, on the other hand, the answer is "No," then the acceleration is unwarranted, and must be balanced by retarding future ships, and no case for an additional three exists. The issue has been put quite frankly by the "Times" and its school, and it must be met as boldly by Liberals. The rally to the cause of economy and peace is sincere.

It is inspired by deep feeling, and we believe that its temper is unflinching. There is no question here of inevitable or automatic increases. This is a new departure, and it must be met as a bold and deliberate challenge. If in any form the principle is accepted that we are bound to make good these Canadian ships, the new movement will have accepted defeat, the rashest claims of the *Britannia contra mundum* school will have been admitted, and we shall have stamped ourselves as a Power which invited its rival to a bargain, itself proposed a ratio, and incontinently proceeded to juggle with its own figures. We should thereby inflict a wound, not on our own honor alone, but on every hope of European agreement.

Mr. Lloyd George went beyond this momentary issue. He said very firmly that there was no case for raising our present adequate standard. But he also said that the moment was propitious for "overhauling" the whole question of armaments. We agree with the "Manchester Guardian" that the two issues are best kept separate. Let us, above all, refrain from ourselves aggravating the competition or raising the standard. We have an immense superiority; it must be enough for us to maintain it. On the next step there is a pretty general agreement—let us renounce our traditional doctrine of capture, and invite adhesions from other Powers to this new departure. But we question whether much can be gained by tentative steps like the "naval holiday" or the "contingent" Dreadnoughts. The subject is too complicated for this empirical and experimental treatment. We are too much inclined to view it from an exclusively naval angle. The military competition is more serious for Continental Powers than the naval rivalry, and unfortunately the two cannot be isolated. We have some sympathy with the French remonstrance that if we could induce the Germans to spend less upon their navy we should only have enabled them to spend more upon their army. While we deprecate any language which implies any species of alliance with France, the last thing we desire is to expose her to still graver danger on land, and the first thing we desire is to have her support in any future effort for the reduction of armaments. The reduction, when it comes, must come in consequence of an understanding which embraces both France and Germany with ourselves, and manifestly, it must apply to armies as well as to fleets. We are not yet at the point of devising formulæ, but the obvious line of hope is to aim at an arrangement on the total budget of the two fighting services. If we approach Germany singly, we shall inevitably arouse among French patriots exactly the same alarm and resentment which M. Caillaux caused in 1911 among our own Imperialists when they thought that he was drawing France within "the orbit of German diplomacy." To effect a lasting reconciliation, we must achieve a triple understanding. That end is not indefinitely far off. In France, M. Caillaux is again in office, and it has long been his dream. In Germany, opinion, roused by the Zabern incidents, is moving towards the concession of full autonomy to Alsace. In both countries, the burden of militarism is becoming well-nigh insupportable. There is in such an ideal as this the loftiest ambition which our diplomacy could pursue. Its hands

will be free, its reputation will be clean, its sincerity will be proved, if our own Parliament has first of all set its own limit to the "organized insanity."

THE LABOR BALLOTS.

THE Trades Union Act of last year has obliged the Labor Party to discover and declare the extent of its support and backing among the trade unionists of the country. The ballots that are now in progress under that Act are the only case of a reference by a party to its followers, to the body of opinion and enthusiasm on which it depends, by a kind of *plébiscite* on the cardinal principle of its existence. This is a pretty searching test, and no party could be very sure of the consequence of such an experiment. The actual figures in this case will provoke different reflections. As the Act allows individual members to claim exemption from the levy, although the majority have voted in its favor, it is clear that the revenues of the party may be considerably reduced, for the minorities are large, and the number of trade unionists who have taken no part in the ballot are in some cases—the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Operative Cotton Spinners are important examples—very large indeed. That deduction from these figures seems a sound one, though, of course, it is not possible to foretell the extent to which trade unionists who have abstained from the ballot will act on their rights.

It is argued in some quarters that these figures show a surprising degree of hostility to political action by the classes for whom the Labor members profess to speak. This view seems to overlook a good many plain considerations. The question put to these men and women is not merely a question of confidence or sympathy. They are asked whether they think that political action of a particular kind by a particular set of men is of such value to the trade union movement, or rather to their own trade union, that it is worth while to spend in this way money that has been very hardly earned, when it might be spent on strikes or any of the immediate objects of trade union organization. We have to remember how very few are the people who think it worth while to spend money on any political object. The funds on which the two older parties rely are not built up out of the money of poor men; they come from rich men, of whom some spend part of their surplus fortune for an idea or a prejudice, others spend it as insurance for the rest of their wealth; while others spend it for reasons of a less general and public nature. In respect of finance, indeed, the Labor Party is the only English party on a satisfactory or even reputable basis. The number of Liberals who do not dislike profoundly the whole system of a direct party fund connected with the Honors List must be very small, and though the Labor Party organization has very obvious defects, its escape from that abuse is matter for envy and for imitation.

We have to remember also that the Labor Party principle is a new one, and that it was introduced into a country where the working classes had already political traditions. The largest of the unions, for example—the Miners—have formed in many constituencies for a generation the bulk of the Liberal Party; it is obvious that the

influence of these associations and memories must continue, and that a good deal of the best raw material for a Labor Party is only reluctantly drawn into it. The Labor Party, then, has to encounter two contrary influences. A large number of trade unionists are not any keener about politics than the ordinary citizen of any other class who votes Liberal or Tory. They are not, that is to say, prepared to subscribe for their politics as they would for their religion or for some definite and immediate trade purpose. Another considerable element, again, is made up of persons who have alien political sympathies; whose feelings must be wounded by any Labor Party that has to vote in questions that are not directly trade union questions. We have only to think of the political past of Lancashire, one one side, and of the West Riding, on the other, and of the sharp cross-currents of religion, to appreciate the importance of this difficulty.

There is, of course, another and in some senses a more important and significant element in the question. The Labor Party has to face an active movement of discontent within the ranks of those trade unionists who are keen enough about public life and have no compromising ties with the Liberal or the Conservative Party. The Syndicalist movement—to give a name that roughly describes the gathering clouds—was inevitable. No Labor Party, however wise, could have satisfied the demand made on it or the expectations created by its appearance. To men and women living in the conditions of industrial life, it does not seem that things are moving so rapidly as the comfortable classes think, or as the House of Commons in particular thinks. And, of course, they are not. It is difficult to think of any advance in wages that has followed the struggles of the last few years that was not already overdue. The great strikes in the ports and the great railway strike were revolts against scandalous wages and conditions of employment, for which the responsibility rested on employing organizations over which the State has powers of control. It is idle to deny that the workers had some reason to conclude that a House of Commons that displayed so little vigilance and interest could only be roused by violent and dramatic measures. That experience has strengthened the instinct for fighting by attacking the imagination, which is half the meaning of the sympathetic strike—the attempt not only to terrify employers or the public into conceding positive conditions that cannot apparently be obtained by the slow and laborious building-up of forces, but to make employers, who are supposed to be afraid of nothing else, reasonable and considerate in the general treatment of their men. The resentment with which this spirit is regarded by men who have grown grey in the work of hard and patient organization is natural. They think that it is exchanging the tactics of an army for the tactics of a mob, that those methods react and recoil on the trade unions, that they make men trust to bursts of violence, followed by long periods of inaction, and that, in consequence, successes so gained, though they look brilliant at the time, are in the long run as bad as defeats. Neither side can do justice to the case of the other, and a Labor Party that has to answer to constituencies that represent both

views is in a difficult predicament. Not, of course, that bad wages, made worse by the rise in prices, are the only cause of revolt. Workmen who are comparatively well off are equally restless, because they want a better and fuller and more civilized life, and their impatience is a salutary evidence of the progress of education.

The moral to be drawn from the situation is not, we think, that Labor should withdraw in despair from public life, but the very contrary, that it should proceed to make good its place in public life. This is true of public life everywhere. What could be more absurd than the *impasse* at Leeds? Leeds is a working-class city, and the governing body, having to deal with a strike of its employees, rules out one party on the Corporation from the conduct of the negotiations on the ground that it has special ties with the class to which the strikers belong. This is the spirit of the old days when the upper classes looked to the bourgeoisie to keep the working classes in order. Warfare in this spirit between the Corporations of working-class towns like Leeds and Blackburn and their employees ought to be inconceivable, and it will be if the working classes once take their proper position in the government of their towns. From any point of view it is clearly ridiculous for the Labor politicians to discard so obvious a weapon as the power they might hold on a Corporation; and from the point of view of the consumer it is on every ground desirable that the public services should be conducted on conditions that the largest class of inhabitants considers satisfactory.

Similarly, in Parliament the Labor Party will grow in favor when it learns to use its power. The difficulties that hamper it at present are conspicuous enough. Some of them will disappear with the great political questions that still cumber the ground. But we have never disguised our view that, even under present conditions and disadvantages, its power could be used with far greater effect. It cannot under our conditions do much to initiate legislation itself, but it might do a good deal to influence administration, and even to compel legislation. The Government of the day takes up some large social question, Insurance or the Land, and all its social interests are absorbed in that particular question. But under our conditions, social life is largely in the care of departments, and there the Labor Party has great scope. The House of Commons needs men with the spirit of Shaftesbury or Plimsoll, men who will fasten on a Government or a Minister, and give them no peace until some abuse is abolished or some reform carried. Lord Chelmsford's remarkable letter to the "Times" of Monday reveals a state of things, for example, over which a Labor Member ought to make a Minister's life a plague. Lord Chelmsford states that the Education Committee had organized an evening school education system, and had found all its plans spoilt by the hostility of the employers. An examination of the case of 1,540 boys under seventeen had shown that all but nine worked over forty-eight hours a week, and that 1,255 worked between sixty and seventy hours a week. The Home Office again ought to be assigned to two or three of the ablest and most pertinacious of the members of a Labor Party. It is too early yet to comment on the evidence given in the Welsh Inquiry, but the number

of disastrous accidents that have occurred within the last few years ought to be the subject of much more serious attention than Parliament has given them. If the Home Office, on the one side, and the employers, on the other, have done their duty, if the recommendations of Royal Commissions have all been carried out, if no precaution has been neglected, then the time has come to consider whether we ought not to act on the principle of a House of Commons Committee eighty years ago, and declare that humanity forbids the working of mines that cannot be rendered safe. But first of all, the whole question must be investigated, and the Home Secretary taught that the House of Commons has a fierce standard where human life is involved.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RETIREMENT.

As Mr. Chamberlain is still with us, and, nominally, may still be with Parliament for two more Sessions, we are happily in a position to consider his letter of retirement without recourse to the language of epitaph. Even so, it would be affectation to pretend that the shadow of the impending event has brought with it no chill of regret, no stirring of old memories, no renewal of that sharp sense of impoverishment in the greater affairs of the commonwealth as well as in the mere business of debate which was first brought home to many of us while we were still rejoicing over the electoral thunderclap that sounded the knell (as time has shown) of Mr. Chamberlain's political activities. Scarcely at all has the once-puissant gladiator been seen in the lists of our resounding modern tournaments. "I cannot hope again," he writes, in words that echo the past, "to do my work in Parliament, and I feel that our city and the constituency need the services of a younger man who will take an active part in the Parliamentary struggle and help you to maintain the supremacy of the Unionist cause in Birmingham." While everyone must be moved by the pathos of this reluctant acquiescence in a severance now seen to be inevitable, yet the truth is that it only places the seal of formality on a long-accomplished fact. Except to take the oath at the opening of the present Parliament, as at the opening of its short-lived predecessor, Mr. Chamberlain has not been at Westminster since the autumn of 1906. As a Parliamentarian his work finished when from the most disastrous adventure of his career, he retrieved Birmingham, together with part of the Midlands, for the shattered Unionist remnant, or rather as a trophy of his undiminished personal spell. In gratitude for that achievement, and for services of more enduring note, West Birmingham has been content, during seven eventful years, to be represented in the House of Commons by a tradition and a name.

While this Parliament lasts the tradition is to be maintained, and the roll of membership will continue to bear a name which for nearly forty years has been linked with every famous political controversy, and has been used as a rallying cry, now by one party, again by the other. Possibly the historian, when the time comes, may pronounce Mr. Chamberlain to have been fortunate in the destiny that carried him from the comprehensive Radicalism of his prime to the ultra-Imperialism of his

later and more dramatic phase; but, let the verdict go as it may, we can scarcely suppose that it will either ignore the achievements and shortcomings of the earlier Chamberlain or fail to trace the influence of his democratic probation on his final creed. It is improbable, for instance, that history, in imitation of at least one contemporary example, will pass a partisan sponge over the fertilizing period which saw the Chamberlain-Dilke combination preparing its legislative and administrative harvest, or that by the same oblitative gesture it will wipe out all record of the beginnings of the machine in politics as devised by the shrewd and ingenious brain which hammered and moulded Birmingham into an electoral instrument at once more pliable and more dependable than any ever controlled by the borough-mongers of the eighteenth century. No unbiassed biographer could leave untouched the impetuous outpouring of ideas—the various "unauthorized programmes"—with which in the period of his first Ministerial service Mr. Chamberlain sought by quickening the pace of the whole Liberal movement to bring it into closer contact with those bold and finely inspired ideals of a reformed social State by which his own imagination was then dominated. To date the opening of this richly freighted career from the time of its conjunction with the fortunes of Toryism, and then to divide its Parliamentary experience into four periods, speciously labelled (1) anti-Home Rule; (2) social reform; (3) Colonial administration, and (4) fiscal reform, is to discount a whole decade of memorable public service, and at the same time to throw away the key alike to the former Radical's later development and to his quite distinctive and sometimes not easily comprehended place in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen.

In the sphere of constructive statesmanship, it would seem, Mr. Chamberlain, with all his energy in action, will still have to be viewed as a man of ideas rather than of performance. Where he has sown, others are reaping, and will reap yet more abundantly as the crop ripens. Most of the controversies, we are reminded, which absorbed so great a part of the statesman's energies are still alive—that is to say, we are still fighting over Home Rule, still discussing social reform, still disputing about the ethics of Imperialism. With an irony which seems unconscious, but which may have been barbed with intention, one adherent of the full creed of Chamberlainism extends this list of unsettled causes by adding to it fiscal or tariff reform, with the assurance that that ill-starred policy is "still the first article of the constructive policy of Unionism, and still implacably opposed by the Radical Party." If the opposition came only from the Radical Party, and if Mr. Chamberlain, in taking leave of his friends, were indeed bequeathing to them a cause certain to be cherished in their hearts as a supreme legislative trust, then the occasion of those valedictions and political stock-takings would be bereft of half its meaning. For there can be no question that the impending retirement of the creator of Protectionism, as we in these times know it, is announced at a moment of singular ill-omen for the future of that luckless movement. Boycotted or cold-shouldered by its professed friends, mocked at by its enemies, repudiated by the farmers, who

were to have been its first beneficiaries, and certainly not less distrusted by the traders and manufacturers in whose supposed interests it has been so often recast, we might at least have expected this poor castaway to receive a word of parental encouragement. But Mr. Chamberlain, too, forsakes the forsaken. Like his son, he was a Unionist before he was a Tariff Reformer, and accordingly in his message of farewell we see the distinction emphasized not less by what is left out than by what is included.

Probably enough, we have here the explanation of an announcement which most of us would have wished to see deferred till it was necessary to give effect to the formal retirement now foreshadowed. Contrary to the hopes of the Tariff Reform advance-guard, there are to be no prophetic warnings from Highbury, veiled or unveiled, against the revised policy of the Unionist leaders. Quite the reverse. Mr. Chamberlain, as he turns to go, sets a surprising example in discipline to his perturbed followers. Like a good many veterans of slighter fame who have been quietly replaced by younger men in this Parliament to serve the ends of Opposition efficiency, he declares his willingness to make room at the next election for a successor "who will take an active part in the Parliamentary struggle." Luckily, it will not be expected of this new Ulysses that he should be able to wear the armor of his predecessor, still less to bend his mighty bow.

THE PLUMAGE BILL.

THIS year must see the end of the trade in the plumage of wild birds. There is, we believe, a body of men and women sufficiently numerous and sufficiently influential to enforce that resolve: public opinion is all but unanimously with them, and the Government has already taken action. It is true, indeed, that the coming Session of Parliament will certainly be crowded, and that its political business is sure to be eventful and exacting. But there is no profounder error than the notion that the real public life of a community is concentrated in the Bills and movements which rouse passion, divide parties, and make material for electioneering. What a community does for the well-being of the more unfortunate strata of the working class, for the health and advancement of children, and for that half of our duty of humanity which concerns animals and birds, supplies a measure of its civilization, and fixes the standard of its morals. A Liberal Party which thought of its Liberalism as a humane creed would insist, whatever were the pressure of controversial business, on doing something in every session in all these departments to bring our public practice more nearly into correspondence with our public conscience. There has certainly been no indecent haste in dealing with the organized commercial cruelty which is laying waste the remoter regions of the earth to satisfy a tasteless and barbaric fashion. For a full half-century naturalists have been making their public protests. As far back as 1869 the sea-birds of our coast, which were then the chief sources of supply for this murderous millinery, were effectively protected. When the principle was thus admitted, it was clear that we could not go on indefinitely allowing the trade from

which our own birds were sheltered, to ravage the breeding-grounds and devastate the forests of other countries. The ground has been very carefully and very deliberately prepared for legislation. A Select Committee of the House of Lords took evidence in 1908, and a Committee of the Cabinet has since made further inquiries. The Lords were unanimous in adopting a Bill to prohibit importation, while in the Commons a division has only once been taken, which showed a minority of only 48 against a majority of 326 prepared for prohibition. Last Session the Government itself introduced a simple and relatively satisfactory Bill. Public opinion unmistakably demands that time shall be made this year for its passage. Australia and the United States have already taken precedence of us.

One does not condescend at this time of day to argue against cruelty so wanton and brutal as this traffic involves. It is enough to know the facts. The most notorious case is that of the "osprey" plume, but we are not sure that it is the worst case. The coveted plumes of the white heron are produced only in the breeding season, and the shooting of the parent bird means the death of its young by starvation. That any woman can endure the idea that she carries about on her head the trophy of such a murder belongs to the deeper mysteries of dulness and vanity. The wholesale massacre of the albatross on its breeding grounds in Pacific islands is an abomination no less distressing. We have before us copies of some official reports issued by the United States Government on this slaughter. A single schooner which goes raiding will account for 300,000 birds on one island, and its soil, as photographs show, is literally covered with their skeletons and carcasses. Nor is simple killing the worst of the horror. The wings are often cut from the living bird, which is then left to bleed to death, and sometimes the birds are first slowly starved, so that their skin shall be free from fat and grease. It would be a merciful retribution if the curse of the "Ancient Mariner" were laid on the traders who conduct this traffic, and the women who indirectly employ them.

There is no case against this simple and by no means drastic Bill save that which the "trade" itself puts forward. London appears to be the world's chief depôt, and one hopes that the prohibition of the import of wild plumage into these islands may disorganize the whole traffic, as well as diminish the supply by the amount which this country consumes. Its spokesmen are, of course, offering at the eleventh hour to compromise, to regulate, to impose some measure of humanity by their own action. These pleas deserve no attention, and, fortunately, they are receiving very little. The trade has had fifty years in which to think of reforming itself, and it has done nothing. But, in point of fact, it could do nothing. How can the merchant in London control the Japanese poacher who massacres albatrosses in the Pacific? Or who would expect a South American Republic, which will not or cannot check human slavery in its remoter territories, to regulate the traffic in egrets and humming birds? But our own objection to the traffic is fundamental. In no circumstances, even if the more aggravated brutalities could be eliminated, is the frivolous and tasteless desire to wear the relics of mur-

dered life and interrupted beauty in one's hat a motive sufficient to excuse even regulated slaughter. The trade inquires why we tolerate the shooting of birds for sport at home. For our part we defend no blood sport, but our sportsmen can at least plead that so far from exterminating bird-life they foster and preserve it. Abuses must be content to be dealt with one by one. We are not going to be deterred from stopping one, because others, less gross and less indefensible, still remain. Still less need we concern ourselves with the employees of the trade. They are not numerous; they are ill-paid; the work is not healthy; and, above all, it is mainly seasonal. Such labor will readily find other employment, and fortunately the kind of skill which prepares plumage for wear, can easily be turned to the innocent and tasteful work of making artificial flowers. Time enough has been spent already on this agitation. The Government will do a good deed and earn the gratitude of thousands of humane men and women by passing the Bill promptly and without weakening amendment.

Life and Letters.

"THE ROMANCE OF INDIA."

OF course, it is distressing that between three and four hundred English performers, dancers, supers, stage-carpenters, and the rest should rehearse for some weeks, only to be thrown out of employment at the end, and just at the season when naturally they would be making most in their line of business. It is a pitiful case. Pitiful also is the case of those eleven Asiatics who were to have joined in illustrating the darkness of their continent in the Earl's Court show. It is true that a paternal India Office has assigned them lodgings in some institution for Lascar sailors derelict in the East End, but up to the time of writing the Hindus among them, fellow-subjects of our Empire, have strongly objected to being herded with the progeny of nations not so blest as we, and their case remains pitiful. Nevertheless, for the immediate occasion of all this misery our whole Empire should combine in offering its heartfelt thanks. Let each fellow-subject follow the example of Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, and Lord Curzon in contributing all that he or she can afford towards the relief of such distress. It would be cheap at the price if the India Office, the Treasury, or the British nation as a whole, endowed each of those performers, dancers, supers, stage-carpenters, and wandering Asiatics with a munificence in life-pensions such as is lavished upon our most victorious generals. For they suffer for our salvation. Their destitution is our defence.

Consider what sort of a show the Syndicate proposed to present before the population of London and the Indian citizens resident among us. The immemorial history of India was to be gathered up into some half-dozen tableaux. These tableaux represented typical or "epoch-making" scenes in the introduction of European influence. According to the preliminary notices published in the "Times," European influence, in the original version of the show, was typified by "The Spirit of Light," and India herself by "The Spirit of Darkness." We gather that the first scene, illustrating the triumph of European Light over India's Darkness, was to show the arrival of Alexander's army in the midst of the worship of Juggernaut, whose helpless victims were being dragged beneath the wheels of that "Juggernaut Car" which has since done so much service in British rhetoric and journalism. It did not matter to the Syndicate that Alexander never penetrated beyond the Indus, whereas Juggernaut's temple is at Puri, at least a thousand miles distant, on the Bay of Bengal. We must not be scrupulous about history in an Earl's Court his-

torical pageant, and who shall set the gross limits of space upon the European Spirit of Light contending against the Spirit of India's Darkness? This "epoch-making" event (miraculous we may call it in the strictest sense) was to be followed by similar episodes—a human sacrifice to Siva (interrupted, we suppose, by some other timely arrival from Europe); the Suttee, or burning of a widow upon her husband's funeral pyre (interrupted, we are informed, by the appearance of Vasco da Gama, expressly despatched from Portugal by the Spirit of Light); the Black Hole of Calcutta (Darkness visible and unilluminated); the Battle of Plassey (Darkness dissipated by Clive with two thousand men); the Siege of Lucknow (arrival of Light to bagpipe accompaniment); and a triumphant finale, representing the apotheosis of British Conquest in the figure of Holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born.

That, as we understand, was the nature of the show's original design, and if the reports were true, nothing in the unhappy annals of British self-complacency was ever more impudent and insensitive. Indians in London held a private meeting of protest in Cromwell Road, and Sir George Birdwood presided—not the last, we may hope, of that gallant veteran's services to India. It was doubted if a licence was necessary, for the performance was wordless, no explanation being needed to point so obvious a moral as the triumph of British enlightenment. But for once the Lord Chamberlain proved his office useful; he appears to have forbidden the show to proceed without the sanction of the India Office. Within limits, the India Office also played a serviceable part. It strove to mitigate the loathsome insult to the Indian peoples. It rejected the original design, and then the first revision. In the third form, unhappily yielding, it allowed the thing to pass, and the Lord Chamberlain gave it his sanction. Apparently, in this final form, the Suttee, as well as Plassey and Lucknow, remained, but the Juggernaut Car, the Siva sacrifice, and the Black Hole were cut out, the Spirits of Light and Darkness being also transfigured into the Spirits of Peace and War. Europe was typified by Peace, India by War. Think of European history; think of the state of Europe at this moment; and then think of the Indian peoples, probably the most peaceful and docile races that ever existed—races whose chief reproach in English mouths, from the time of Macaulay's foul libel upon the people of Bengal downwards, has been their unwillingness to fight! How grotesque the absurdity! So grotesque that we almost regret the Syndicate's financial collapse which has deprived us of the spectacle of Babus posing for Gods of War, and of Alexander, Clive, and Colin Campbell under the similitude of doves.

But the Syndicate has collapsed, and its collapse is a mercy for the Empire. That is why we urge that all possible assistance should be given to those whom this failure has thrown out of work for the winter. Their destitution, as we said, has been our defence. If the Earl's Court pageant of Indian subjection and British conceit had been produced, even in its amended form, we can hardly imagine anything more provocative and ill-timed. It would have surpassed the mixture of platitude and provocation recently inflicted upon us in the four "Times" articles, called "The Indian Peril." Probably everyone who cares to read such articles in the "Times" have knowledge and judgment enough to balance their indiscretion. But the Earl's Court show would have been displayed to crowds whose only knowledge was derived from tales of the Mutiny, or from hymns about India's coral strand, where only man is vile and the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone, drives hooks into his flesh, grows his nails through his palms, crushes people under idols, and burns widows alive. These touching beliefs of the Sunday School would only have been confirmed. Childhood's picture of Indians would have been visibly restored. Spectators would again have contemplated "natives" as enormous lumps of dusky beings, masses of coagulated darkness, broken only by the gleam of knives and the red blood of murderous fanaticism, or enlightened only here and there by a beneficent Government and the missionary's ray.

The first essential for decent relations between our-

selves and Indians is a reality of amnesty and oblivion. Such an Act may have been passed long ago. Certainly, Queen Victoria by her Proclamation of 1858 (perhaps the finest of her personal achievements) intended to promote the reality. But her aim has never been accomplished. Most Indians themselves are singularly forgiving and oblivious of the past. They have kept few annals, and written hardly any history. The ages of their existence have remained almost as unrecorded by them as the ages of the earth before man's appearance. Why should the soul trouble about times and dates and the succession of mere events when the white radiance of eternity is hers? A pleasant turn of phrase, an act of common courtesy, would erase from almost any Indian mind the horror of our vengeance upon the mutineers. But with our own people the case is different. We grant no amnesty, no oblivion of the past. Every relic of horror is cherished; every tale of butchery is gloated over; no British tourist can touch India without nursing his animosity at the Cawnpore Well, or strengthening his contempt among the carefully preserved remains of Lucknow Fort; and in the midst of his labors a Viceroy makes time to scrape together memorials of the Black Hole's victims, and to interest himself in conjecturing the precise locality of their pit. All this mournful refusal to forget—this bloodthirsty clinging to the memories of tombs—the Earl's Court show seemed designed to emphasize and extend. If we refuse oblivion, we may teach the Indians also to remember, until their memory equals in precision the old Irish remembrance of wrong; nor could the bitterness revived by such an exhibition have been modified by the final scene, in which we were promised an allegorical display symbolizing "the absolute harmony and unity that exists between Great Britain and India." If only such an allegory could be true! But the designer of the pageant, whose words those are, appears to be almost the one man who might really have read those articles upon "The Indian Peril" with information and profit.

We cannot altogether be quit of the past, but, so far as in us lies, let us shake ourselves free from its distorting trammels. The Romance of India does not lie behind us, but before. Useless is the attempt to maintain a stable and static equilibrium under which a paternal and well-intentioned bureaucracy will go on for ever nursing, tending, feeding, punishing, rewarding, and cleaning up the 300 millions of India as if they were spaniels in the squire's kennels. India shares the flux of all the universe. In the last thirty years her change has been peculiarly rapid, and it is felt among the toiling, patient, uneducated millions of cultivators upon whom we are invited to concentrate our fatherly attentions, almost as much as among the few thousands of "literate" whose "superficial veneer of Western education" stirs the wrath and apprehension of kindly old officials, worn-out with years of patronizing service. "Self-reliance, not mendicancy," has for years now been the guiding motto of Indians, who fully recognize the many advantages conferred by a short century of general British direction, but who regard any material gain in irrigation, railways, or commerce as a poor set-off against that "moral poverty" (to use Dadabhai Naoroji's phrase), which is the curse of all subject or parasitic peoples. That call to self-reliance is the surest sign of present change, and it alarms none but those who by long habit worship the idols of the bureau and regard the ignorant "natives" as tender sheep, but the educated as wolves beyond the shepherd's pale. There is no need to wonder at the difficulties of change, or to stand appalled at their aspect. It is vain to cling to an imagined state of eternal and despotic tranquillity, tempered by academic discussions in legislative councils. The era of permanence never arrives, and only ignorance now imagines the East as plunged immovably in thought. Dangers and difficulties must be welcomed as signs of life, due in part to the very system that many seek to preserve, and the Romance of future India, as of all history, lies in confronting them. But the impertinence of identifying ourselves with the Spirit of Light and India with the Spirit of Darkness brings us no nearer either to Romance or solution.

THE JOY OF BOOTS.

It is said that Gilbert Wakefield was so ardent a walker that Pitt contrived to kill him by the simple expedient—even simpler then than now—of shutting him up for two years, as Mr. Trevelyan might say, within "the four mean lifeless walls" of a jail. For when that intrepid scholar and Radical came out, he indulged his pent-up passion with so relentless a fury that he literally walked himself to death. Perhaps, then, it is some hereditary loyalty that has prompted the Bishop of Birmingham to plead for the revival of this ancient accomplishment of man. Or perhaps it is that he believes, with Mr. Trevelyan, that it is only after you have covered thirty miles on your own feet that you begin to see and think clearly, and that he secretly despairs of the solution of the Kikuyu controversy by Bishops who habitually move in motor cars presented by their grateful dioceses. Or perhaps it is merely that he has the goodwill and sympathy that are always found in walkers, and that he wishes others to enjoy the noble and simple pleasure that can make even the life of a Bishop tolerable.

The Bishop need not distress himself, for walking is, of all arts, the most certain to survive. Everything is on its side. Mr. Belloc has said somewhere that we ought all sometimes to do what the human race has done for all time. He was thinking at the moment, we believe, of drinking; but nobody knows better than he that this is true of walking, and that he would not be the man he is if he had travelled across Europe in a motor car, and not, like the generations of pilgrims before him, on his good feet. The walker, in fact, becomes more and more a man, as the motorist becomes less and less. The writer, happening to light on Professor Keith's book on the "Human Body," in the Home University Library, found himself engrossed in its delightful and sanguine analysis. These few simple, lucid, and learned pages have dissipated his pessimism for ever. For it is as clear as anything can be to the most unscientific mind that, physically, the motorist cannot last, and that it is his fate to turn into some terrible structure; he will lose the *peroneus tertius*, and become indistinguishable from the chimpanzee, and something will happen to his *platysma myoides* which will give him the expression of a gibbon. His legs, of course, will have atrophied, and though his appearance may be terrifying, he will be quite powerless. His fury and strength will expend themselves in little bursts of ugly sound like the noises of the motor-horn, the only music he can any longer enjoy; he will be able to draw his ears backwards like a monkey that has lost its temper, but that will not help him in dealing with anthropoids who have preserved the full use of their limbs. That will be the last state of the race that first was profane enough to drive a motor car into Orvieto, over the steep road along which countless generations of pilgrims, priests, monks, vagrants, and soldiers had toiled on their feet in the hope of a roof or a tankard or the forgiveness of their sins. Those who live to see that day will witness at last the triumph of democracy. For the walker will be more like a man than ever, with his beautiful and well shaped and balanced body, and his nerves and muscles fully and equitably developed. And his victory will be a popular one, for he has never earned the hatred of the public.

The motorist leaves behind him oil and dead dogs; the sportsman, blood and wounded birds. The walker hurts no creature and no feelings. If so much as a morsel of rind or the rim of a banana skin betrays his moorland path, he feels it a lasting blot on his honor. He quarrels but only in the public cause, for he is the great champion of public rights. A man of letters, famous to-day in the battles with the Home Office, first learned his public spirit as he climbed the High Peak, contesting every inch against a black devil of a gamekeeper. Every walker is a Footpaths Preservation Society in himself. Let who will make the nation's land laws so that we may make the nation's boots.

The walkers are indeed so conscious of their strength that they are falling out in public. Their controversies are carried on with the polifist temper, as befits their

high profession. The debate was opened in an incisive little book of "Walking Essays," by Mr. Hugh Sidgwick (Arnold), a scholar and a walker, who was afraid that a false theory of the significance and value of walking might come into fashion in consequence of the methods of a famous society that preserves the traditions of Meredith and Leslie Stephen and their Sunday tramps. Mr. Sidgwick gave a sharp and pointed picture of the results of forming groups of people who spend the Sunday talking and walking at the same time. "In such a case walking goes by the board; the company either loiters and trails in clenched controversy, or, what is worse sacrilege strides blindly across country like a herd of animals, recking little of whence they come or whither they are going, desecrating the face of Nature with sophism and inference and authority and regurgitated Blue-Book. At the end of such a day, what have they profited? Their gross and perishable physical frames may have been refreshed; their less gross but equally perishable minds may have been exercised; but what of their immortal being? It has been starved between the blind swing of the legs below and the fruitless flickering of the mind above, instead of receiving, through the agency of quiet mind and a co-ordinated body, the gentle nutriment which is its due." Mr. Sidgwick's picture has a *prima-facie* look of life about it, but how far it is true those only can say who have encountered this animated company on the slopes of Leith Hill or the chalky ridges of the Chilterns. In any case, Mr. Sidgwick has done good service not only in writing a very entertaining book, but in provoking Mr. Trevelyan to publish in his new and delightful volume of essays called "Clio: A Muse, and Other Essays" (Longmans), a masterpiece on the great theme of walking. And Mr. Trevelyan's answer to Mr. Sidgwick establishes the higher unity of walkers, for he, no more than Mr. Sidgwick, considers that the ultimate ends of walking are attained by the kind of tramp that Mr. Sidgwick criticizes. We have to take what we can get, and if circumstances only allow a few hours once a fortnight within an easy distance of London, this combination of walking and talking does as much for the mind and the body as we can hope to achieve. But the immortal being asks for much more than this, different scenery, longer distances, special conditions, special society, or, better perhaps, no society at all except the "*Luna dies et nox et noctis signa severa.*"

It is not difficult to see that Mr. Trevelyan's most cherished memories revolve round walking in Italy. The reason is, we believe, not merely to be found in the fascinations of color, air, landscape, and history; it is partly because there, more than anywhere else, does the walker feel himself in affinity with all the ages that are gone. The country is full of "atmospheric memories." Soracte stands as "candid" as in the days of Horace; the Apennines still reveal the landscapes of Piero della Francesca; the peasant is still kind-hearted, most friendly to strangers; and the walker, whose knapsack is to clothe him for a month, enjoys the traditional simplicity of life. The rich man affects it, and talks of his little place in the country, where he lives in picnic fashion with somebody to look after him, but nobody is deceived by such talk, for we all know that every mansion that does not call itself a castle or a manor calls itself a cottage. But let a man find himself in the dusk, after thirty miles of it, approaching some little Italian town in the hills, wondering what there is to be found in the modest inn, and then he knows something of the simple margins of life. What tumults of sudden joy when the inn can provide an unexpected delicacy, what a challenge to our cold northern fortitude if the inn can provide nothing at all! We have seen an eminent official of the Education Department itself turn a little pale while the answer hung in the balance, and a distinguished historian, who had spent weeks on the ancient and modern battlefields of Italy could not quite control his emotion during that eager suspense in a Samnite town. It is only then that the modern Englishman lives in the chances and vicissitudes that were for centuries part of the daily life of Europe.

POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS.

"HAVE you—h'm—by any chance—h'm—such a thing as a little book called 'Poems by Two Brothers'?" an innocent-looking stranger inquired one day of the keeper of a second-hand book shop. "Ah!" said the latter reflectively, "There's a good many people lookin' about for that there little book." The book referred to was, of course, the much-prized first edition of the joint poems of Alfred and Frederick Tennyson. It not infrequently happens indeed that poetry "runs in the family." Another example known to everybody is the case of the hymn writers, John and Charles Wesley. What Alfred was to the Tennyson brothers, Charles was to the Wesleys. Such lines as

"The dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears,"

reach the level of the highest strains of devotional poetry. They may be compared with the noblest expressions of Catholic devotion. John Wesley was a prolific and often tedious verse-writer; Charles Wesley was a poet.

Another noble pair of poetical brothers has recently appeared before the British public with seasonable gifts. The first fruits of Dr. Robert Bridges's Laureateship made their appearance in the "Times" on Christmas Eve. We confess that Dr. Bridges is not a writer who carries us off our feet as, say, Mr. A. E. Houseman does. On the whole, we have no doubt that his appointment to the office of Court poet was the best and happiest that could have been made. At any rate, we have loved him since we read

"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah! soon when winter has all our vales oppress,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling?"

"Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific?"—this is that pure word-music which only a poet can rightly interpret or fully understand, but which has in it the inexhaustibility of perfection.

Our copy of Dr. Bridges's Christmas poem has, unfortunately, fallen a prey to the housemaid—not, however, before we had heard it read to a rustic congregation of Christmas worshippers in one of those country churches it speaks of—and we can only quote it from memory. But as the poem of the ship shows us that port of the blue Pacific without hail or mist, with its strange shipping and shadowing Peak, so this poem of the bells shows us as in a mirror which reflects sound as well as sight the very image of the English country with its guardian towers, waking from its winter sleep and silence at the Christmas midnight with the wonder of the bells. Poetry, it has long seemed to us, is just putting some plain fact or thing down in the barest, most essential words; it is the stripping away of all verbiage, just putting in the plainest English possible some beautiful bare fact in its entirety. A true fact, a real thing is very likely at least to be wonderful, beautiful, awful—one at least, if not all three. It is some plain statement, say

"Home they brought her warrior dead,"

or,

"Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,"

or,

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young";

or, once more, since poetry, in its large and true sense, is not confined to words in rhyme or metre,

"The Queen and the Courtiers and the hard-faring woman of
Mars-le-Tour have long been dust and shadow."

When the words exactly correspond to and reflect the fact or thing they render and represent, we thrill and shiver with the awe or joy of the fact or thing itself. Verbiage is the cloud which enwraps dull, confused minds; they can never have enough of it, and constantly labor to make it denser and darker. But just as Millet sees the scene of the "Angelus" and puts it down in paint, so the poet sees clearly some touching, moving

sight or scene, and puts it down in words which do not disguise or hide it, but render it visible to us in its essential truth and beauty.

The scene which Dr. Bridges shows us in the magic mirror of this poem is the English country at Christmas-time, with its soul, its whole history and tradition. It is as English as Piers Plowman; it smells of the soil.

"Now blessed be the towers of England so fair,
And blessed be their founders (said I) and our country folk,
Who are ringing for Christ in the belfries to-night,
With arms lifted to clutch the rattling ropes that race
Into the dark above and the mad, romping din."

We are not sure that we understand the metrical scheme. The two rhyming lines in the midst of an unrhymed poem jar upon us; but no doubt there is some explanation or justification of them. But be this as it may, the whole effort is true poetry. To quote again:—

"But to me, heard afar, it was heavenly music,
Angels' song, comforting as the comfort of Christ,
When he spoke tenderly to his sorrowful flock."

This is Piers Plowman again; it has a sort of Lollard sob in it.

Dr. Robert Bridges then comes before us as the poet of Christmas; his brother, Mr. John Bridges, as the singer of the New Year. If the first brother is the verse-maker of the King, the second is the verse-maker of the Constitution and the Unionist Party. His poem appears in the "Daily Express" for January 2nd. "The Poet Laureate's brother's poem is seasonable enough, apart from its political acerbity," remarks that organ, "and we therefore print it as received, without apology." It is in itself a striking fact that the "political acerbity" of one of its contributors should cause even a slight qualm to that newspaper. "Mr. John Bridges's reference to Mr. Asquith ('a Premier, forsooth!'), in the poem which we print below," the Editor further remarks, "is to our mind the choicest part of the composition." These criticisms from the Editor of the "Daily Express" made us turn to the poem with very considerable interest. "Political acerbity" indeed we are accustomed to; "I should cut his head off," a comfortable old lady recently remarked in our hearing at a festive gathering, *apropos* of Mr. Lloyd George. But let us quote the poem itself:

"A calamitous year has now run to its close,
What the next one may bring only Providence knows;
Against odds she oft helps honest people to win,
So the 'Ins' may be out and the 'Outs' may be in."

"She," as applied to Providence, is good, and should please the feminists.

"A 'Premier,' forsooth! who must traitors obey,
Who, limpet-like, clings to position and pay,
While ruin and war on his impotence wait,
And our prized Constitution is filched from the State."

In the following verse the term applied to Mr. Lloyd George strikes us as quite new and original. Amid the multitudinous vocabulary employed by his opponents, it never seems to have occurred to anyone before.

"Catching votes he brings to forestall
The duties and labors he owes to us all;
While his reckless 'familiar' with torch all ablaze,
Blasts homestead and town with his ignorant craze."

Mr. Lloyd George as the black-hooded "familiar" of the Holy Office, the "familiar spirit" of some malignant wizard, the "familiar" black cat of some muttering, toothless crone—these are suggestions we commend to caricaturists.

"Oh! the tears that are shed when great Ministers die,
Who were Patriots on earth, and are welcomed on High!"

How different from Asquith and George! But are German patriots welcomed as well as the British variety? We suspect not. We recollect a fervidly Jingo sermon on the glories of the Imperial Race, which concluded with the words, "Remember, we have the promise, 'Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.'"

Mr. John Bridges writes from "The Parsonage, Rudgwick," but we cannot find him in Crockford. Dr. Robert Bridges has been compared by an able critic to George Herbert, and his whole temper of mind, indeed, as shown in his work, reminds us of that of the very flower of English country parsons. There have been English

country parsons before now, saturated with old English feeling and tradition, who have written true and lovely English lyrics. Take the first fragment which comes into one's head made by the Vicar of Stoke Prior about three hundred years ago:—

"Down with the rosemary and bay,
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter Day
On Easter Eve appear."

But we also know the country parson after Mr. John Bridges's style very well. The poems of these two brothers each show us something, and show it clearly; and this is what it is the function of a poem to do. In Dr. Robert Bridges's poem we see the soul of England; the spirit of the men who tilled her fields and reared her towers; in Mr. John Bridges's effusion we see the spirit of modern Jingo Imperialism. Its frenzied partisanship reflects the mind of the great host of the readers of the "Daily Express." "Curiously enough," that organ remarks, "Mr. John Bridges is a very severe critic of the Poet Laureate's work." This, however, Mr. John Bridges denies in a further letter, explaining that he "may have said they were not in his style," and modestly adding, "I am aware they are of a superior quality to what I have written."

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

XI.—THE ICONOCLAST.

I HAD long intended to include in this series some account of Samuel Barnett, Canon of Westminster, still better known as Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and founder of Toynbee Hall. I kept putting it off owing to a difficulty that all journalists will understand—the difficulty of knowledge. It is never easy to write, but the difficulty of writing about a fresh subject that one can regard from the outside is frequently overcome by journalists; otherwise, the papers would be empty. Canon Barnett I had known for more than twenty-five years, at times intimately. For two years, when living in the next street to his home in Whitechapel, I saw him nearly every day, and very often he invited me to discuss with him perplexing and intimate questions of life. In public affairs, I served under him year after year upon various committees, tried to further his ideal of personal service, and gave his purposes such help as a knowledge of classical literature and military drill could give. I think he would never have wasted a minute of life over "lost causes," any more than I should, but I did my best to support him in victorious causes which heavy-hearted despair and inertia call lost. As Browning said of Wordsworth, I, in common with many others, "lived in his mild and magnificent eye"; and many of us could go on to say that we "made him our pattern to live and to die," though without the smallest success.

So knowledge and a certain reverence made me put off what I wanted to say, because it was so difficult. Then, last June, whilst I was in Central Albania, that mild and militant spirit died. I did not hear the news till some weeks later, and when I returned to England the obituary notices had all been written, the praises sung, and there seemed nothing more to do. But now Mrs. Barnett, helped by Mr. Vicars Boyle, my old friend in Whitechapel days, has brought out a little book on "Worship and Work," consisting of extracts from the Canon's unpublished writings, sayings, and letters, and the memories that the book recalls give one a new occasion. Nobody need complain that I speak of such a man still as a "New Lamp." It will be many generations before our country is so brilliantly illuminated that his light can be disregarded as dim and old and useless.

From some people the secret of his power was hidden, and so remains. Except very luminous eyes, he had no "physical advantages." He was small, frail, far from "good-looking," and entirely unathletic, though at one time he played tennis with an adroitness akin to cunning. To people he liked, his smile was singularly quick and sympathetic, but he was far from being one of those winning priests who smile and smile. His look, I think, more commonly expressed indignation, or even im-

patience. Watts in his portrait just caught the expression, though, of course, "the Prophet," as we used to call him, always tried to conquer impatience, as prophets should. Among my own many errors he often used to rebuke that of not suffering fools gladly. In this respect, like many people, he unjustly attributed to another the weakness to which he himself was exposed. His quite genuine humility helped him to resist even this temptation; and it must have cost him an unceasing struggle, for, on my word, he had plenty of fools to suffer! But the knowledge of shame or wrong consumed him with rage, and once when the treatment of girls and women in London had been more than usually brutal, he called upon the members of a Cadet Company that I then commanded in Shadwell to strike all offenders to the ground, no matter what laws might be broken or what the consequences might be.

As Watts caught his impatient expression, so the portrait in the present volume catches the interested, but half-satiric smile with which he listened to something humorous or outrageously paradoxical. He was singularly perceptive of humor or irony in others, and enjoyed the most fantastic speculation. But, in general, he was saved from the dangers of humor in himself. He was seldom ironic, and seldom used the fine power of satire that he possessed. Sometimes it burst out when he was speaking of the rich man's indifference, and Miss Octavia Hill once told me she thought he went wrong in not trusting the goodwill of the rich enough. But no one turned to him for irony or satire, and he had none of the attraction that the jolly and humorous person sometimes has, though humor is always distrusted for leadership. Neither to rich nor poor was he ever hail-fellow-well-met.

Nor was he in the least eloquent as an orator is. No one went to hear him as crowds went to hear Liddon in Oxford or St. Paul's. Both in speaking and writing, his style was unmistakable, but unattractive. One would have thought it difficult to put thought so fine into form so little calculated to please. Literary critics usually condemned his writings as "dull," and his speeches and sermons were much the same in style, for I think they were nearly always written. It was a style so easy to burlesque that all of us could reel off imitations of it upon any occasion, such as the lighting of gas-lamps or the fall of a horse in the street. Here was no passionate outpouring, no attempt at oratory or splendid language or moving appeal. It was thought cut to its barest; short sentences crammed as full as they would hold, and then left. In the original meaning of the word, it was a "sententious" style—full of "high sentence." To me who detest the smallest touch of rhetoric, it came with relief; but literary or emotional people went away disappointed. "Protests against error become in their turn errors"; "Idolaters recognize no change"; "Unpopularity is no condemnation, but neither is it acquittal"; "The sense of sin has been the starting-point of progress"; "Quarrelling is the luxury of security"—how admirable such sentences are! How chokefull of wisdom! Each would make a splendid text for an essay or a sermon. But when a speech or sermon is largely made up of such sentences, and the ordinary mind is left to make what best it can of it all, the ordinary mind will not be bothered to understand, and it votes the speaker dull. You might almost as well try to rouse a congregation by reading them one of Bacon's Essays or a chapter of Proverbs. Sometimes the touch of malice that makes the epigram was added, but that was rarely. For the moment, I can recall only one such instance: "The modern Jew is Jacob without the ladder."

But writing about style and manner and appearance only puts off the difficulty, and brings us no nearer the centre. I suppose most people have thought of Barnett as a distinguished Broad Churchman and philanthropist, who established various societies or institutions, and had a queer notion of improving the poor by giving them pictures to look at and music to hear. Of course, all that is true. Broad Church is an obsolete word, certainly, and unctuous patronage has made philanthropy stink like the apothecary's ointment. But still, he did establish or inspire all manner of societies and institutions

—Toynbee Hall and all the imitating "Settlements," the Children's Country Holiday Fund, the White-chapel Picture Gallery and the Baths, the Shoeblacks Blue, the Whittington and other Boys' Clubs, my own Cadet Battalion (The Queen's), and other public or private means of advancing knowledge, health, and the happy reasonableness that is thought to come of "culture." "The poor need the best" was one of his repeated sayings, and no one ever believes it. No real beauty, he thought, should be considered a waste in daily life, any more than the box of precious ointment was wasted on the feet of Christ. His was a vision reaching far beyond the Socialistic and philanthropic ideals of sanitation, eugenics, and State control of the crazy. He would have agreed with a recent leader in the "Daily Herald," which said, in reference to Anatole France's visit:—

"We look forward to the day when not merely our authors and Fabians, but our transporters and navvies, our taxi-men and postal sorters, and all their kindred, will be in the mood to appreciate and rally to every distinguished Continental exponent of art and philosophy who honors us with a visit. Literature and culture, and the appreciation thereof, should pertain to the people as a whole."

And with all this insistence on the necessity of the beautiful in common life, his distinction was that he never mistook memories for hopes—never attempted pretty revivals of handicrafts, maypoles, and wassailing cheap-steeds, as was the fashion some thirty years ago. He was a Futurist, always looking forward, letting the dead bury their dead, and leaving past or existing beauty and institutions to preserve themselves only so far as they were still capable of a living spirit. He remained a Churchman, it is true. He recognized the value of body and form. He was rather fond of repeating Jowett's saying, "The great man is he who does original things in a conventional way." There was still room for originality within the conventional ways of the Church, and he thought the Church had sufficient spiritual power left in her for change and life. But his proposals for a democratic and elected Church implied a lively change, enough to make the Bench of Bishops shudder! And in the same way, in regard to dogma and belief, his sole insistence was on the inward and spiritual life. I asked him many years ago what he would say to someone who inquired whether he believed the resurrection of Christ was a physical fact. He at once answered, "I should say No. But at the same time I should show how much more marvellous and vital His spiritual resurrection has been."

So we come to what I believe was the heart of his power. It did not lie in politics or practical schemes and institutions—not in Toynbee Halls, or Charity Organization (certainly not!) or picture galleries, or Socialistic panaceas. It did not lie in anything businesslike or external, first-rate man of business though he showed himself on every committee. It lay, I think, in a spiritual insight, delicately sensitive to the difference between life and death. If the brains were out, the thing would die, no matter how splendid and reverend and beloved the poor corpse might be. He laughed at me once for saying "All change is good," but he never doubted that there can be no life without change, and by quick intuition he perceived the moment when change must come, or life be lost. That is why I have called him the Iconoclast—the greatest breaker-up of idols I have known. "Idolaters recognize no change"—I have already quoted that true saying of his, and the secret we are looking for lies hidden in it. Idolaters, worshippers of dolls, people who cling to systems, institutions, or symbols after they are dead—those were they who roused his impatience more than the sinful. A passage in one of his best books ("The Service of God") illustrates what I mean:—

"The trivially minded man goes on ignorant of God, absorbed in the trifles of the day, satisfied with shows and symbols, concerned with the conventions of society, and with the phrases and forms of patriotism and of religion, heaping up between himself and God a mound made up of petty interests, petty virtues, and petty beliefs. The woman in Ibsen's play kept her dolls through her married life. She talked of them, thought of them, cared for them, till they absorbed her nature. Death swept over her home and took her

children. Temptation encircled her husband. God passed by in the storm and earthquake. She gave no heed, she realized no fact, because she was so taken up with her dolls."

As dolls and trivialities, he goes on to specify "talk about social schemes, Church progress, policies and philosophies, passing itself off as serious." Under the same heading I can imagine him including all the political hypocrisies of to-day—the contrivances for doing good to the poor in a lump, the whining about peace while armaments are piling up, the chatter about democracy while half the adult population is excluded from a voice in legislation. Many other such idols of the House of Commons, of the Church, and of the Street he would now be helping us to break; for it was his genius to perceive when the spirit has gone, and has left only the doll or the law. Life in servitude to unchanging idols or inanimate law he refused for himself. "A mind must be thin and narrow, timid and hard," he wrote, "which lives under the law and not under the spirit." And yet the life which he refused is the life which nearly all our guides in politics, Churches, and newspapers go on living.

In the middle 'eighties we were all revolutionary; not so revolutionary, of course, as everyone is now, but still very revolutionary. And yet I remember maintaining even then that "the Prophet" was the most terrible revolutionist of us all. I meant what I have tried to explain. His spirit was perturbing as the leaven in dough, or the new wine in old skins. Always eager for the fresh and vital manifestation of the soul, he never failed through forming habits or idolizing institutions, societies, doctrines, and forms. When everyone was extolling and imitating his idea of "settlements" (from which, there can be no doubt many University men have acquired education), Barnett in one of his discourses quietly said, "I do not preach the duty of settling among the poor. I simply repeat the commandment, Love God." Of all leaders whom I have known, he almost alone fulfilled the most difficult duty of leadership: he so hated idols that he was always ready to lead a revolution, even against himself.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Letters to the Editor.

HOME RULE AND FEDERALISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I venture to submit that it is neither probable nor desirable that the evolution of Empire is destined to take place along the lines suggested by Lord Hythe, in your issue of the 3rd, and generally adopted by our would-be Empire-builders—that is, that we shall ever see a Parliament in which representatives of the Colonies will sit alongside representatives of the United Kingdom possessing certain legislative and taxing powers? Such machinery of Government may be entirely suitable for a Federal system within the British Isles themselves, and no doubt it works well in Germany, where the various States meet on common ground in the national Reichstag; but it is quite impracticable for the British Empire, owing to the vast distances of one part from another, and the different characteristics and local problems thereby created.

The tendency is strongly to split up into a group of very distinct individualities or nations, independent in all but name, a tendency which will but increase as importance grows with time. It is most unlikely that Canada or South Africa, for example, will ever consent to give up a share of the complete autonomy they now possess, and become a small minority in an Imperial Parliament for certain purposes. The sentimental tie which alone binds us together is, of course, most valuable; indeed, does not the great glory of the British Empire consist in that it is composed of a number of free nations between whom war is unthinkable, who will always act together for the peace of the world, and whose virtual alliance is based on a real unity of ideals, rooted deep in history? I believe it is by looking upon the Empire as an alliance of separate States of a very much

closer and more intimate nature than any hitherto known that the true way of progress lies.

One may assume that the group will comprise the existing Dominions and India and gradually other Crown Colonies, and that their foreign and defence policy, and whatever else is common to all, will be decided by a committee of representatives of each Government, acting on instructions from that Government similar to the Ambassadorial Conference of the Great Powers recently presided over by Sir Edward Grey.

It would be a simple matter for the United States, France, or Germany to become associated with this grouping in course of time. This view, which looks beyond the bounds of Empire, wide as they are, is, I believe, the most hopeful for the nations of the world as a whole.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY LE M. MANDER.

Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton.

January 7th, 1914.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I think it was an admirable letter from Lord Grey in the "Times" which regarded Federalism and Nationalism as the poles of political philosophy. It detracts nothing from the interest of Lord Hythe's letter in your columns that he does not agree with this view of Lord Grey.

It seems to me that Lord Grey is historically and also philosophically correct. Mr. Gladstone's was an intensely "Nationalist" mind. Of Jefferson Davis, when actively destroying the then one successful Federation, Mr. Gladstone declared, he "has made a nation." There is some evidence to show that Mr. Gladstone was on general grounds opposed to the Federal principle of Government.

Kruger had made a nation, and instinctively the Irish were with Kruger, even though he was ruling the great majority in the Transvaal, not by "consent," but by guns. The South American plan is National; the North American plan Federal. But for Hamilton's invention of the Federal system, no doubt that community would to-day consist of forty-nine "Nations," with forty-nine standing armies. It was in view of such conditions that Lord Grey wrote that the Federal and the National conceptions of Government represented quite different ideals.

When de Laveleye asked the Italian cloth merchant in Switzerland, "Why does not your Italian colony here join your own nation over the way, glorious Free Italy?" the merchant replied: "Professor, my shirt is nearer than my coat!" His Swiss State of Ticino, with its separate Legislature and Executive and Judiciary, was more to him than the Fatherland over the way. This man was Federal, not National.—Yours, &c.,

MORETON FREWEN.

January 3rd, 1914.

THE RIGHT OF CAPTURE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to reply to your correspondent, "I. H. P.'s," argument in favor of retaining the right of capture at sea as a deterrent from warfare, not only to the enemies of Great Britain, but even more to Great Britain's own Jingoism—an argument whose partial cogency is rendered nugatory by consideration of the chief motive which may lead to war between the Western European nations of our day?

This underlying motive is commercial interest, all nationalistic feelings of another kind being merely the instruments by which a few business firms, often enough international, get hold of a general public whose Pan-Germanism, or British Imperialism, or French desire for *revanche* may be perfectly sincere, disinterested, and unsuspecting. This commercial self-seekingness takes the form of rivalry in trade and of the consequent rivalry in the exploitation of semi-civilized or barbarous people; and it has as its complement and result the constant fear of the similar commercial self-seekingness on the part of other nations. The majority of persons interested in trade still dream, with regretful longing or with traditional terror, of the days when, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, Britannia really did rule the waves, upon which waves (to quote Cobden's words) no

foreign merchant flag was ever seen, except in flight before the Union Jack. The remembrance of those days of British overbearingness is especially lively in Germany, and it was recently refreshed by the incident of the holding-up and searching of the German merchantman "Bundesrat" during the South African War. The rights of search of neutral and of capture of belligerent merchantships constitutes the only serious argument for the increase of the German War Fleet. Once these rights of search and of capture were abolished, there would be no need for warships, except for the defence of a country from invasion. There would be an end to the impression made in Germany by the "Pall Mall Gazette's" and the "Spectator's" occasional self-congratulations over the fact that every German merchant vessel would be swept off every sea within a week of a declaration of war. There would be an end also to the panics recurring on the English side, because the expansion of British commerce makes Great Britain more and more vulnerable even by a smaller German war fleet. I therefore fail to see how, as your correspondent imagines, the tendency to war and war-expenditure would be increased by the recognition of the sanctity of private property at sea. On the contrary, when no longer allured by the hope of increasing British commerce by the destruction of Germany's merchant navy, Englishmen might become duly sensitive to the prospective loss of British life, and the actual loss of British wealth involved in preparations for a war brought about (as is usually the case) by the rapacity of a few more or less international business firms desirous of exploiting some semi-civilized or barbarous country. This being the case, and despite your correspondent's argument to the contrary, I emphatically declare that, were I an Englishman desirous of peace, there is nothing for which I would strive more vigorously than the abolition of those relics of barbarism—the rights of search and capture by sea.

Yours, &c.,

LUJO BRENTANO.
(Professor of Political Economy at the University of Munich.)

January 2nd, 1914.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND ARMAMENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was delighted to read Mr. Ogilvy's letter in your issue of the 27th ult. As a desperate resort, I have decided, on account of the tremendous increase which has taken place in naval expenditure during the past eight years (and notwithstanding the splendid work done by the present Government), to withhold my vote from the Liberal candidate on the occasion of the next election unless a great reduction is made before then.—Yours, &c.,

OSBORNE M. ADAMS.

Thorn Leigh, Maghull, Lancashire.

January 3rd, 1914.

THE LAND CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To reply in detail to your correspondent, Mr. A. A. Mitchell, would trespass too much on your valuable space; but I should like to reply to his question: "Can you tell me—for I really do not know—what Mr. Lloyd George means by reiterating privilege and monopoly every time he opens his mouth about owners of land?"

Among other definitions, "Nuttall" describes monopoly as "the sole right or power of selling something; the possession or assumption of anything to the exclusion of others." The same authority describes privilege as "a right or advantage enjoyed by a person or body of persons beyond the advantage of ordinary persons."

The following facts show how accurately these definitions work out in actual practice:—

In the neighboring village of King's Langley, the Hemel Hempstead District Council desires to erect cottages for the purpose of housing some hundred and fifty human beings, many of whom at present live under insanitary conditions. The District Council applied to the respective owners for land for the purpose. With one exception, they declined to sell, and the price demanded in this case would have jeopardized the scheme. As the District Council cannot make land, and must secure it from one of these owners, it is clear that the owners are in "possession of something to the exclusion of others"—i.e., a monopoly.

Further, would Mr. Mitchell deny that these owners are enjoying "a right or advantage beyond the advantage of ordinary persons"—i.e., a privilege?

Mr. Mitchell, in his reference to Messrs. Brunner and Mond, confuses land and commodities. The former cannot be increased by human effort; the latter can.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ARONSON.

The Mill House, Chipperfield, King's Langley.

January 6th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Like Lord Lansdowne and others, your correspondent, Mr. A. A. Mitchell, is indignant with Mr. Lloyd George for daring to use the words "monopoly" and "privilege" when speaking about owners of land, and demands an explanation of these infamous terms. It is, of course, impossible to guarantee at all accurately the contents of the Chancellor's mind; but perhaps the following passage from John Stuart Mill, quoted in this month's "Land Values," may be of assistance to Mr. Mitchell. In Book 2, Chapter 16, Sections 1 and 2, of his "Political Economy," Mill writes: "It is at once evident that rent is the effect of a monopoly, though the monopoly is a natural one, which may be regulated, which may even be held in trust for the community generally, but which cannot be prevented from existing. The reason why landowners are able to require rent for their land, is that it is a commodity which many want, and which no one can obtain but from them. . . ."

A thing which is limited in quantity, even though its possessors do not act in concert, is still a monopolized article. "To this it is only necessary to add," continues "Land Values," "that land is a doubly monopolized article. Not only is the supply determined by Nature, but the available supply is still further restricted by the holding of land out of use for speculative or other purposes."

So much for the existence of "Land Monopoly," and for the justification of Mr. Lloyd George "in reiterating monopoly and privilege every time he opens his mouth about owners of land."

Monopoly, of course, connotes privilege. I should have thought it sufficiently obvious that privilege must exist in a country as long as the control of the sources of production resides in a few hands, and as long as a few must come out on top, because they own the bottom. The best method of destroying this mother of all other monopolies, and of economic privilege in general, is quite another problem. I am one of those who are convinced that the only effective and just the weapon is the Taxation of Land Values.

I have no wish to follow Mr. Mitchell into ultra-Mondane paths, or to contest the other controversial points in his letter; but I suggest to him that, if he is really desirous of limiting the vast power of the so-called "capitalists," he associate himself with the reform mentioned above, which will limit and finally destroy the economic "privilege" and "monopoly" in the hands of those whose power depends, not upon the fact that they own vast stores of ephemeral "capital," but that as a class they own the sources from which that capital is constantly being drawn.—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD L. STRAUSS.

Hampstead, N.W., January 6th, 1914.

THE STRIKE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I read with much interest your article on the above subject. Is it not time that some definite, equitable allocation of profits made from public services was formulated and practised? Here is a great town like Leeds undertaking, successfully, many important public services, yet practically ignoring the rights of its municipal rank-and-file workers to a progressive advancement in standard of comfort. In what way is public ownership of any service an improvement on private ownership if it does not better the lot of the humblest worker it employs? Is it just that the profits made should, for the greater part, be handed over to the relief of rates—that is, put into the pockets of property-owners and direct ratepayers only? I suggest that, in the case of a municipal gas service (to give an example), profits should be regularly divided between—

(a) The workers in the service;

(b) The consumer of gas; and
(c) The ratepayers generally; account being taken of sinking fund payment when allocating this share.

Apply this suggestion to all other profit-yielding enterprises—publicly owned (national as well as municipal)—and automatic machinery is set up protecting the citizen against strikes of public servants. Equitable "profit-sharing with public ownership" provides us also with the best protection possible against stagnation, inefficiency, and waste. It spells wise progress.—Yours, &c.,

(Councillor) ARTHUR HICKMOTT.

Sevenoaks.

BRITISH INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following quotation from a letter from an Indian friend will, I think, be of interest to your readers. The writer is a Mohammedan gentleman, educated in England, for many years High Court Judge of a Native State, and loyal to the British Crown. He writes on December 19th, 1913, as follows:—"You ask me what I think of the South African question. I can only make the same reply as I did to an American, when he talked to me of the negro question: 'Sins of the parents shall be visited on the heads of their children.' Americans carried away slaves, and now they have the negro question. The Natal White enticed Indian labor, which has made Natal what it is. They broke faith with the Indians and now wish to turn them out of Natal. In the end Natal will suffer, and with it the whole fabric which makes up the Imperial Government. Should the unholy attempt succeed. We Indians feel the cause of our brethren in South Africa so keenly that, if your Home Government bungles in this matter, a disastrous result will ensue. The forces making for violence in India will gain the ascendancy, and there will follow a set-back to the present policy which is giving us so much contentment. Should the grievances of the Indians in South Africa be not remedied, the one act which has given us hope and heart will have failed. I mean the holding of the great Delhi Durbar by the King Emperor in India. That act signifies to us that the King of England is our Emperor, and not merely a foreign Emperor who rules over us merely because we are a conquered race and a dependency of England. Our Emperor must look to our rights as his subjects, and not merely say that as he has granted the South African Colonies self-government he cannot interfere, because the Colonies might break away from the Empire. Surely, the Emperor is not going to jeopardize the immense hold he has on our hearts when he knows that our claims are just. It is a good sign to see that the Archbishops of Madras and elsewhere are taking our side in this matter. I cannot tell you what a low opinion we form of the newspapers who have attacked Lord Hardinge for the noble sentiments he expressed the other day. Those of us who know the effect of those sentiments realize that oil was poured over troubled waters in the nick of time. A few days more, and the excitement would have been so great that our leaders would have found those whom they lead out of hand, and all the blame would have fallen on the educated Indians for having failed to realize the effect of their preachings.

"It was an evil day when self-government was granted to South Africa without first securing to Indians their rights. The Liberal Ministers were well aware that there would be difficulties, but they thought they would blunder through somehow, never realizing how potent the feeling of India would be when the question next arose for solution. Our feeling is that the Government at home betrayed our cause in order to get over as quickly as possible their own difficulties in South Africa, and are now paying the penalty of that betrayal. England has now to say whether she will do right—or let the South African Whites do wrong. You may be sure that if she does not do what is right it will be a source of sorrow and tribulation hereafter. You good folks must realize this for yourselves and force the Ministers to do justice at any cost. Expedient but unjust acts have a nasty way of occasioning harm to the unjust themselves."—Yours, &c.,

VIOLET SOLLY.

Parkstone, January 7th, 1914.

"THE LARGER LIBERALISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your contributor, writing under the heading "The Larger Liberalism," uttered a plea for free trade in labor, with special reference to Asiatic immigration, now creating so acute a crisis in Overseas Dominions. One would be glad to know how he reconciles such a policy with the increasingly restrictive action of our own legislation in respect of the liberty of the employer to reduce to lowest terms the conditions he may impose on his laborers.

Race, color, and creed are being used as stalking horses merely. The issue is purely industrial. The opposition to immigration of alien races is, as your correspondent truly points out, "the white workers' dread of a superior 'economic man,' one who can and will do more work for less pay." But his assertion that "the notion that the admission of a free flow of efficient Asiatic labor is obviously and necessarily detrimental to the interests of white labor is . . . an economic fallacy," demands more proof than he adduced. One would like to be convinced of it, for the policy would be so alluringly simple in one direction. Would it in others? One would like to hear more of the arguments of Professor Eliot in support of his thesis that the United States is a country whose "natural prosperity has been built up on a series of immigrations in which each grade of newcomers, taking its place at the bottom of the economic ladder, gave its predecessors a lift to better work and higher wages.

On your contributor's own showing, I would doubt his plea; for he goes on to say of free admission of Yellow labor: "Such regulation of pace and quality as good social order requires must, of course, be conceded." It is just on these rocks—pace and quality—that the free immigration policy splits. Who regulates? In the United States it is the exploiter of labor. In Australia, but for the strength of the Labor Party, it would have been the same. In South Africa, the mineowners now exploiting Indian and native labor would gladly have the Chinese back for precisely the reason stated by your correspondent that "the despised Asiatics are shown to be capable of Western progress in no ordinary degree." The Chinaman in the mines proved himself to be the "superior economic man" because, with well-nigh equal skill, he demanded smaller tribute from the product of his labor than the white man, unable as was the Mongolian "to live on the smell of an oil-rag."

The South African Labor Party is accused by most people—as was the Australian Labor Party—of sheer selfishness in its white labor policy. Few people realize that the South African Labor Party has no color bar against membership, and, in fact, it contains unions of colored workers.

The issue being at root industrial, labor is justified in facing it on precisely the lines on which it faces its own industrial problem—fighting against all labor which tends to lower its standards.

If minimum wage legislation is demanded in this country on account of women's labor (and of men's in unskilled trades), by reason of their want of organization, so restraint of the employers' command of notably cheaper labor supplies—cheaper because of its want of organization from within its own ranks—is a necessary preliminary to any policy of free immigration of races subject to this disability of lack of organization.

I submit, sir, that the opposition to free immigration on the part of organized labor is justified by present circumstances. Your contributor, after stating that "the fertilizing streams of capital which flow into the less developed countries of the world for their development require for their successful operations a corresponding mobility of labor," adds: "Our rising standard of humanity demands that these laborers shall have reasonable securities for good treatment, and opportunities for participating in the wealth they help to produce." Can it be denied that the preference of the South African employer for any labor but European lies just in the fact that non-European labor is, by habit or by ignorance, content with a fractional part of the "opportunities for participation" demanded by the European?

Free trade in labor is an excellent ideal. But an essential preliminary to it is a labor supply sufficiently organized to maintain the best existing standards, and this

by way either of trade union solidarity or legislative compulsion on employers, or both.—Yours, &c.,

E. L. C. WATSON.

Shortlands, Wentworth Road, Golders Green.
January 7th, 1914.

RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I draw your attention to the mass meeting held in Amsterdam, December 28th ult. to protest against the cruelties and hardships imposed on Russian political prisoners deported to Siberia, and to open a subscription for the amelioration of their condition?

Among these I may mention the venerable Catherine Breshkovsky ("Baboushka" or "Grannie," as she is lovingly termed in Russia), whose name has become a household word, not only among Russians, but among Progressives of every country.

It will be remembered how, at the trial in St. Petersburg in 1909, held behind closed doors, an account of which was published in your columns, she was condemned to Siberia. "Penal servitude with hard labor" was the sentence! An old woman of over seventy, yet she held the whole of that corrupt court as if spellbound by her powerful and inspired dignity. At rare intervals since then we have had news of her terrible condition and how she fares. A month ago came the information that, after four years, she had made an attempt to escape from this hell, and had been re-arrested. Nothing definite was known; but now comes further news that this old woman, who in her person represents the ideal of Russian aristocracy and also the ideal of the new rising democracy, is to be deported to a locality so severe in climate and privations of all kinds that even young, healthy exiles have never been known to return thence.

I translate here from the last letter received from her before her attempted evasion:—

"I thank you, dear friend, for all the good things which you send us, but, I beg of you, do not spoil us, who frequently, for weeks together, do not see even black bread, but have to content ourselves with a few potatoes. . . .

"But this I ask of you: can you procure for us the medical necessities for first aid, mentioned in the enclosed list?

"It is because there are a number of sick exiles with us, men, women, and children, who need assistance. We have even a good comrade, a doctor, but the necessary instruments and materials are lacking. . . .

"There are here many cases of supreme suffering, and the misery is so great that at last the exiles are convinced that they need no longer hope for an amnesty; that they can expect help from no one but themselves and their own personal efforts. . . .

"Forgive me for speaking of these miseries at such length, but at the dusk of my life as at its dawn, all my soul is concentrated on these anemic faces with their pathetic eyes, and only seeks for means of alleviating their misery. . . .

"This year the cessation of work in the Lena mines has plunged our colony into such a state of destitution and suffering as has never been known before, even here. . . .

"I alone have relative comfort, for it is one of the pale joys of old age that it requires a minimum amount of nourishment."

May I crave the assistance of your columns to make known the above facts, and, trusting to the traditional freedom of the English press, appeal to all lovers of international freedom to demand the redress of this uncivilized act of cruelty and absolute inhumanity? The woman is nearly eighty years old, crippled with sciatica, her only so-called crime a life devoted to helping her fellow-creatures; and the temperature is 30° below zero!

A public subscription has been started in Holland, the funds to be forwarded through Vera Figner (a well-known Schlusselfsky prisoner now released) to the deported sufferers.

I write strongly—maybe, not strongly enough—but I write from personal experience. I was present in the St. Petersburg court when her sentence, jointly with that of my father, was passed, and I was the last person whom she kissed as the soldiers escorted her out into exile. Even then she was weak and infirm in every way, except in spirit.—Yours, &c.,

VERA TSCHAIKOVSKY.

Savoy Theatre, Strand.
January 1st, 1914.

FAIR TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one who has recently seceded from the Unionist Party on account of its attempt to boycott the farmers' movement, may I be allowed one word on the vexed subject of Tariff Reform? Tariff Reform, whatever it may have been originally, is certainly not entitled now to the synonym "Fair Trade" which you assign to it. Fair Trade, at least as I understand it, is the equal treatment of everyone, whether native or foreign, who uses the home market. If the home producer is charged heavily in taxation for the use and upkeep of that market, the foreign producer is called upon under a system of Fair Trade to pay an equivalent amount in the shape of import duty. That seems to me to be fair enough; for why should one man be preferentially treated in comparison with another? To a Fair Trader like myself, Free Trade appears as a system of protection, owing to the remission of establishment charges accorded to the foreigner. And, equally, official Tariff Reform, with its free entry of foreign food, is protection (of the foreigner). I admit that the result of such protection may be reduced cost to the consumer; but one must not blink at the fact that against this must be set the increased burden of market upkeep imposed upon the home tax-payer by the free entry of foreign goods, which, under a system of Fair Trade, would bear their due share of that burden, and so reduce home taxation.—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

January 6th, 1914.

THE TERM CATHOLIC.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In connection with the prolonged and increasingly heated Kikuyu controversy, Scaliger's famous saying may be recalled with profit: "Non aliunde disidia in religione pendent quam ab ignoracione grammaticæ." The term Catholic, in particular, is a fertile source of misunderstanding. The Bishop of Zanzibar lays stress on "Catholic precedent"; the Bishop of Oxford on "Catholic order and doctrine." What precisely is meant by "Catholic" in this context? The term has more than one meaning; and whether it is applicable to the Church of England depends upon the sense in which it is used.

It is used in the Creeds—with One, Holy, and Apostolic—as a predicate of the Christian community as such. The intention is not to contrast the Catholic Church with other Churches which are not Catholic, but to assert that Catholicity—i.e., general diffusion among mankind—was a property of Christianity and of the Christian Church. In the same way the Church is described as Holy, not to distinguish it from other Churches which are not Holy, but to claim holiness as a property, or note, of the Church. In this sense the Church of England is Catholic; and Christian and Catholic are one and the same thing.

Later, when dissensions arose among Christians, the word Catholic was used, not only as a common predicate of Christians, but to distinguish those who adhered to the official belief or communion, from those who were held to be innovators, and regarded as heretics or schismatics. In this sense, it is a term essentially relative to the opinions or sects to which it is opposed. The Church of England is neither Aryan, nor Nestorian, nor Monophysite. Therefore, in so far as the term Catholic is opposed to these and similar interpretations of Christianity, it is Catholic. The same must, however, be said of what are called the "orthodox" Protestant Churches. And it may be noticed that in the East the term Orthodox is used in the sense in which we in the West use Catholic; while, to an Eastern Christian, Catholic and Latin, or Roman, are convertible terms.

Since the Reformation the term Catholic has been generally used to distinguish Latin, or Unreformed, from Protestant, or Reformed, Christianity. The *differentia* of each extend over a wide ground; but their broad lines are unmistakable—the former being authoritative, traditional, ceremonial, and sacerdotal; the latter free, Scriptural, rational, and lay. If, as is commonly the case, the term be used in this sense, the Church of England is certainly not Catholic. By its history and genius, no

less than by its standards, it is a Reformed or Protestant Church. It has retained the Episcopal form of Church government. But neither in Article XIX., "Of the Church," nor XXIII., "Of Ministering in the Congregation," does any mention either of Episcopacy or Episcopal ordination, as necessary to the Church, the ministry, or the Sacraments, occur.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL CHURCHMAN.

January 6th, 1914.

THE KIKUYU CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I draw attention to a point which seems to have escaped notice in the correspondence which has appeared in the Church papers and others about Kikuyu? The Bishop of Zanzibar protests against the action of his fellow-bishops as a "modernization of the Faith." But innovations may be made in a Roman as well as in a Protestant sense. For instance, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is modern; and, it may be asked: Does the Bishop of Zanzibar discountenance the introduction and observance of such doctrines as this in his diocese?

Those who may be called upon to consider the Bishop's allegations could hardly ignore other "modernizations" in the same regions; and, if my information from Zanzibar is correct (as I believe it to be), the Bishop is hardly in a position, as yet, to pluck the mote out of his brother's eye.—Yours, &c.,

A MODERATE HIGH-CHURCHMAN.

January 6th, 1914.

THE KINGDOM OF ALBANIA

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Can the creation of the new kingdom of Albania be safely looked upon as a triumph either of statecraft or of common sense? That it is necessary to seize an immense tract of country conquered from the Turks by the Greeks, and administered by them without trouble since the war, in order to provide an area which may be taxed to provide the larger part of the revenues of the new monarchy, seems to me to be quite enough to provide all the justification for future unrest and rebellion that Sir Edward Grey has hoped, by acquiescing in this creation, to avoid; indeed, it almost appears as if no better means could have been invented to destroy any hope of future peace.

A monarchy implies complete independence; autonomy, on the other hand, gives more than equal security under guarantees by those able to carry into effect what is guaranteed. No doubt there are those who will point out the complete want of success of the Concert in the past in the management of Near Eastern affairs, but what a refinement of cruelty to permit—indeed, encourage—the creation of an independent monarchy, and then leave it to fight its way in the midst of a dozen jealous and conflicting interests!

The future of the Albanians is theoretically supposed to be the aim; but something must be said of the people themselves. They have been a turbulent and only half-civilized race, such as are purely Albanian; they have shown no commercial skill, and the country itself is not a very fertile nor rich one. The hinterland of the coast is not the mountainous region of Albania, but Servia, which is denied access to the seas; and in the southern Epirus the Greeks will continue to be the great commercial agents, and able still further to divert trade from Albania to her own channels. If the withdrawal of Greece from middle and northern Epirus is consummated, undoubtedly there will be an exodus of trade from the north southwards to the loss of revenue to Albania—a loss she can ill afford. Korytsa, which in previous issues of THE NATION you have claimed as purely Albanian, is, as regards 20,000 out of the 25,000 inhabitants, Greek in nationality or sympathy, and it is also—a matter of great importance—on the road which commands Janina. It is one thing for a nation like the Greek to acquiesce in the inclusion in an autonomous State of towns and districts in which they have built up a large and increasing trade, and whither their fellow-countrymen have emigrated and have settled, but quite another to see these towns and their brethren held under the rule of a

king who owes no allegiance to any, if such an allegiance as that which is inevitable between him and Italy and Austria be ignored, two countries that are at the bottom of the creation of this new kingdom.

Is it too late for Great Britain to use her influence on the side of peace, either by preventing the forcible inclusion of a hostile section of country into the new kingdom, or of withdrawing from the agreement to erect the new kingdom in favor of instituting autonomy for Albania proper?—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands, January 3rd, 1914.

BLAKE AND BRITISH ART.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I note that your correspondent, Dr. Macdonald, eschewing the more dignified course of expressing regret for his blundering strictures upon the Catalogue of the Blake Exhibition, has preferred to take refuge in a pompous parade of mock-mystical sentimentalities. For serious students of Blake's writings, I believe that he will have succeeded only in underlining the measure of that ignorance which, were it not with a view to the correction of mis-statements concerning my own work, I, for my part, should not have been at the pains to expose; while for the rest of your readers, I fancy, these things are no more than tinkling symbols!

I should be glad, however, in view of the general aspect of the question raised, if you would kindly allow me to point out that, in compiling the Catalogue, it was my express purpose to avoid confusing the generality of spectators by overloading it with the intricate technicalities of the prophetic books over which Dr. Macdonald himself, in spite of his "wide knowledge of the subject," has so grievously stumbled. For the benefit, however, of the special student of Blake's mythological system, I have in every case where it seemed to be useful or relevant, given references to them.

I am, moreover, unable to resist the apprehension that a catalogue compiled in Dr. Macdonald's style and replete with the "shining clues" of which he affords us a specimen, would shed but a mournful light for the viewing of designs that count among the simplest and noblest manifestations of the English imagination. It is certain that far too much has been already written and spoken on these lines which has served to prejudice intelligent people against an artist who has, perhaps more than any other, been the victim of this type of critic.—Yours, &c.,

ARCHIBALD G. B. RUSSELL.

53, Upper Brook Street, W.

January 6th, 1914.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

THE COLLIER'S WIFE.

THE collier's wife had four tall sons
Brought from the pit's mouth dead,
And crushed from foot to head;
When others brought her husband home,
Had five dead bodies in her room.

Had five dead bodies in her house—
All in a row they lay—
To bury in one day:
Such sorrow in the valley has
Made kindness grow like grass.

Oh, collier, collier, underground,
In fear of fire and gas,
What life more danger has?
Who fears more danger in this life?
There is but one—thy wife!

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A Father in God: The Episcopate of William West Jones, D.D., Archbishop of Capetown." By M. H. Wood. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)
- "In the Old Paths: Memories of Literary Pilgrimages." By Arthur Grant. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "Fénelon: His Life and Works." By Paul Janet. Translated by Victor Leuliette. (Pitman. 5s. net.)
- "Memoirs of an American Prima Donna." By Clara Louise Kellogg. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Athens and Its Monuments." By C. H. Weller. (Macmillan. 17s. net.)
- "The Influence of the Gold Supply on Prices and Profits." By Sir David Barbour. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Bronze Age in Ireland." By George Coffey. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s. net.)
- "Modern Lovers." By Viola Meynell. (Secker. 6s.)
- "Le Problème Economique Franco-Allemand." Par Maurice Ajam. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Madame Cottin d'Après sa Correspondance." Par Arnelle. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Luigi Cherubini: Sein Leben und seine Werke." Von R. Hohenemser. (Leipzig: Breitkopf und Hartel. M.10.)

* * *

READERS who enjoy the best social and literary gossip of the last century will be glad to hear that Mr. Lane has in the press a fresh selection from Miss Mary Berry's letters and diaries. The three volumes of "Extracts of the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry," published in 1865 by Lady Theresa Lewis, are among the most entertaining books of their kind, and the coming work, which Mr. Lewis Melville has edited under the title of "The Berry Papers" will contain many additional facts about the two famous ladies and their Curzon Street *salon*. Miss Mary Berry, the elder of the two sisters, was born in 1783, three years after George III.'s accession, and she lived to be privately presented to Queen Victoria in 1852, having in the interval known almost everybody of distinction throughout Europe, been courted by Horace Walpole, praised as "by far the cleverest woman in England" by Madame de Staël, and having earned the distinction of being the only literary character on record who refused to be introduced to Dr. Johnson. Her reason for this latter action is characteristic. "He would have said something disagreeable of my friends," she wrote, "and we should have insulted each other."

* * *

BUT Miss Berry has the less invidious title to fame of being one of the few Englishwomen who have been able to establish a *salon* of the sort that played so large a part in French literary life. For a time her evenings were rivalled by those of "the inimitable Lydia White" whom Sir Walter Scott describes as "a lioness of the first order, with stockings nineteen times nine dyed blue, very lively, very good-humored, and extremely absurd." The first Lord Houghton, who knew Miss Berry and admired her, attributes her success to her "sense of the importance and value of Good Society for the happiness and civilization of mankind," together with the tone of familiarity and kindness which she imparted to her circle. The conversation at Miss Berry's house in Curzon Street had more of a flavor of fashion and was less literary than that at Lydia White's; but, as Lord Houghton adds, it brought together many of the most illustrious men of the day, and it had its moral and political bearings as well as its personal and superficial influences.

* * *

IN "The Correspondence of Mrs. Anna Jameson," which has been edited by Mrs. Steuart Erskine, and will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, we are also promised some fresh facts about the literary and social life of the first half of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Jameson is remembered as the writer of "Sacred and Legendary Art" and other works on the Italian artists. But she took an active part in many of the movements of her time, and her letters give glimpses of Cobden, Harriet Martineau, Lady Byron, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, the Kembles, the Brownings, and other famous personages of the early Victorian period. These have now been collected by Mrs. Erskine, a writer to whom we are already indebted for a biography of Lady Diana Beauclerk.

YET another book of this type to come from the same publisher will be Miss Elizabeth Lee's edition of "The Correspondence of Mary Russell Mitford." Miss Mitford has certainly had her share of biographical honors. In addition to her own "Recollections of a Literary Life," L'Estrange's three volumes of biography, his two volumes on "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," and Chorley's further collection of "Letters" have all been published, while only last year Messrs. Melrose issued a biography by Mr. W. J. Roberts. Miss Lee is of opinion that Miss Mitford's talent as a letter-writer has not been properly recognized. In the coming volume we are to have Miss Mitford's impressions of the famous people whom she met, ranging from "the hero of free trade," as she called Cobden, to Ruskin and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Contemporary literature plays a large part in the letters, for the writer tells what she thought on their first appearance of such works as Charlotte Brontë's novels, Tennyson's "Princess," and Matthew Arnold's poems.

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FICTION, as is usually the case, will be strongly represented in the world of books during the opening weeks of the spring publishing season. Mr. Heinemann has nearly ready Mr. William De Morgan's "When Ghost meets Ghost." From Messrs. Methuen we are to have Mr. Conrad's "Chance," Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "The Flying Inn," and "A Crooked Mile" by Mr. Oliver Onions. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton announce "Dodo the Second" by Mr. E. F. Benson, and "The Making of a Bigot" by Miss Rose Macaulay. Mr. John Lane will publish Mr. W. J. Locke's "The Fortunate Youth." Mr. Fisher Unwin's list includes "Westways" by the late Dr. Weir Mitchell, "Shepherdless Sheep" by Miss Essex Smith, and Miss Maud Leeson's "The Marriage of Cecilia"—the latter a first novel which we are told is of quite exceptional promise. Finally, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have in the press new novels by "George Birmingham," Mr. S. G. Tallentyre, and Miss Katharine Tynan, while Messrs. Hutchinson will publish "The Wisdom of Damaris" by "Lucas Malet," and "Initiation" by Monsignor Benson.

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MRS. E. H. CHADWICK, whose successful book on Mrs. Gaskell appeared a couple of years ago, has now in the press with Messrs. Pitman a work of a similar kind, to be called "In the Footsteps of the Brontës." She has spent some years collecting material, and she promises us much fresh information about the lives and work of the famous sisters.

* * *

UNDER the title of "War and Waste" Professor David Starr Jordan is about to issue through Mr. Fisher Unwin an examination of the financial results of war and warscares, in which he reaches conclusions similar to those of Mr. Norman Angell. Professor Jordan deals at length with international affairs such as the Balkan troubles, the Panama Canal, Japanese emigration, and other difficulties which are used to foster scares. He holds that, in spite of the existence of these problems, anything approaching a universal war is now practically impossible.

* * *

THE year that has closed will be memorable in the history of Celtic studies. Dr. Pedersen of Copenhagen has just completed his "Celtic Grammar," and the Royal Irish Academy has brought out the first instalment of its "Dictionary of the Irish Language." The book for which the Academy is responsible will be quite different from the useful Irish-English dictionary published by the Irish Texts Society, for its aim is to provide a Thesaurus of the Irish language arranged on historical principles from the earliest period down to the present day. It will contain copious citations illustrating the development both of the meanings of the words and of their grammatical inflections. The "Dictionary" was begun under the direction of Professor Atkinson, and it was taken over by Professor Kuno Meyer in 1907. It makes its first appearance under the editorship of Professor Carl Marstrand of Christiania University. Professor Kuno Meyer's "Contributions to Irish Lexicography" covered the letters "A" to "Dn," and so the first instalment of the Dictionary goes from "D" to "degoir," and the letters "A" to "C" will appear last. The price to subscribers will be one shilling per sheet of sixteen pages, and orders can be sent directly to the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, or through Messrs. Williams & Norgate.

Reviews.

ST. FRANCIS IN HOMESPUN.

"John Woolman: His Life and Our Times: Being a Study in Applied Christianity." By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

IN the less-known pathways of religious literature there are few figures more attractive than that of the eighteenth-century American Quaker, John Woolman. His "Journal" has won high praise from men of very various temperaments, from the days of Charles Lamb onward, and, indeed, the pure and Christlike spirit of the man, who, in spite of his modest self-effacement, stands revealed in its pages behind the simple incidents which he records, must for ever appeal to men who find the truest expression of religion in life and character, apart from any ecclesiastical or theological setting. This simple and utterly unselfish man was, indeed, nearer akin in many ways to St. Francis of Assisi than many a later saint of the Roman Church, or of the great Franciscan Order itself. As a lad, like Francis, John Woolman found pleasure in gay companionship, leaving it in youth to take up a life of self-denial; but his cloister was the world in an even wider sense than for the first Friars Minor. He never left the ordinary pathways of life, and founded no new society; but he took into the daily work of men the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, and spent his life in spreading this spirit. A plain Quaker farmer's son, in the days when New Jersey was still a newly developed colony, he early learnt to feel an extraordinary sympathy with suffering, not only amongst mankind, but in the lower creatures, too. Many years after the event he recalled, with a vividness which shows how it had affected him, one turning-point in his boyhood. He had scared a bird from her nest, and, throwing stones at her in sport, struck the little creature dead. Suddenly, he realized what he had done, and how the nestlings must now die a lingering death of starvation; then, after anxious thought, he climbed the tree and killed the nestlings, too. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," he thought to himself, with sad heart. From that time onward he seems never to have been unmindful of the claims of the lesser living creatures to man's thought and compassion. More and more, as his thought and effort to prevent man's injustice to man increased, he felt with it what he speaks of as "a care that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the great Creator intends for them under our government."

One of the points at which St. Francis is least able to appeal to the modern world is the asceticism which he shared with his age, more especially in the ideal of celibacy. In a far less degree is this true of Woolman, who entered fully into the joys and sorrows of family life as a loving husband and father, yet made his family claims subordinate, when the call came, to the duty of long and arduous journeyings as a Quaker preacher, or in the cause of the oppressed negro slaves. The characteristic in which his resemblance to St. Francis is perhaps still deeper, is the simple willingness of Woolman to put himself alongside of sufferers and wrongdoers alike, feeling that their burden was in reality his, and identifying himself more and more closely as years passed by with the lot of downtrodden and suffering humanity. And thus, for him, too, there came, some two or three years before his death, an experience like that of Francis on La Verna, save that it took no pictorial form. He saw no winged seraph; he did not bring away from that awful height of communion a bodily symbol of his union of spirit with the Master whom he served; but the stigmata were printed with indelible clearness upon his character and life. To realize this, one needs to read John Woolman's "Journal," which thus records this passage in his experience:—

"In a time of sickness with the pleurisy, a little upward of two years and a-half ago, I was brought so near the gates of death, that I forgot my name: being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull gloomy color, between the south and the east; and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be, and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I

had heard with my ears before; I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spoke to the other angels; the words were *John Woolman is dead*. I soon remembered that I was once John Woolman; and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. . . . I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians; and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ; at which I was grieved; for His name to me was precious. Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ, and they said amongst themselves, If Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant. All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery. . . ."

At length the explanation came to him. "The mystery was opened; and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented; and that that language (*John Woolman is dead*) meant no more than the death of my own will."

The main visible result of Woolman's labors was the change wrought among his fellow-Quakers in America during his lifetime in respect to slavery. George Fox had urged the Barbados planters to free their slaves after they had accomplished a period of useful labor. The German Quakers who settled in Penn's Colony had gone further in solemnly condemning slavery as wrong in itself; but in Woolman's earlier years many influential Quaker citizens of Pennsylvania kept slaves. From early manhood, Woolman set himself against this evil; he endeavored to persuade those with whom he had dealings to realize the incompatibility of slave-owning with Christian and humane ideals, and spared no efforts to avoid any conduct which might support the institution. Thus, on his ministerial journeys, he provided himself with supplies of small silver to reward the service of the slaves of his hosts, and in his efforts to avoid luxuries entailing needless labor to others, he was willing to seem eccentric, or even over-scrupulous, in little things. But the spirit of the man was such as to win the love and respect of those who began by smiling at what they thought his narrow view of duty. Again and again he was able, by the persistent influence of his prayerful, loving spirit, to persuade slave-owners voluntarily to free their slaves or to arrange in their wills for their enfranchisement. Several other Quaker ministers were also laboring for the same object, and, little by little, their efforts bore fruit. The Quakers of Pennsylvania had agreed as a body, in 1758, that they were bound, by the principle of the Golden Rule, to set at liberty any slaves they might have, "making Christian provision for them, according to their ages," and, by a process of peaceful persuasion, almost all their members had, by the time of Woolman's death in 1772, complied with this injunction. It was not long before they were able to carry their work into a wider field, and, in 1780, Pennsylvania was the first of the United States to pass an Act for the extinction of slavery within its boundaries. If the Abolitionists of the North had shared not only the zeal of Woolman and his friends for the cause of the oppressed, but their boundless patience and brotherliness in seeking, not only to remedy the wrong, but to convert the wrong-doer, one wonders whether the great Civil War would ever have been possible.

Still more than by his attitude to slavery does Woolman appeal to the social conscience of to-day in his treatment of the rights of labor and the obligations of property ownership for the Christian. Absolute ownership, indeed, was to him something which no Christian could claim:—

"The Creator of the earth is the owner of it," he writes.

"Though the poor occupy our estates by a bargain, to which they in their poor circumstances agree, and we may ask even less than a punctual fulfilling of their agreement, yet if our views are to lay up riches, or to live in conformity to customs which have not their foundation in the truth, and our demands are such as to require from them greater toil or application to business than is consistent with pure love, we invade their rights as inhabitants of a world of which a good and gracious God is the proprietor, and under whom we are tenants."

In harmony with this teaching, he not only refused luxuries himself and discouraged their use by others, but did his utmost to avoid causing needless labor or harsh conditions of work to any. This led him when, at the close of his life, he undertook the long voyage to England, to make the journey in the steerage, sharing the cramped quarters of the sailors, and glad to have the opportunity of sharing the hardships and understanding the conditions by which his fellow-men earned their bread. We can imagine the

effect of a sermon from such a fellow-traveller in the meetings which he held from time to time on the voyage. His journeyings in England were mostly made on foot, because he felt so acutely the hardship and cruelty of the post-boy's life, and could not consent to travel by making use of the over-driven horses and their overworked riders. But there was no harsh self-righteous fanaticism in this scruple of his loving heart, and the lad who went to guide him into York on the last stage of the journey which closed in his death, retained through all his life the sunny memory of his beautiful and unselfish spirit.

When Woolman came to England, the Society of Friends was already becoming far too prosperous and respectable, and he was not a little troubled at the evidences of wealth which he met. He would beg to be excused the use of silver-plate or silver drinking-vessels, though to do this gave him pain, and he would endeavor to persuade the prosperous trader that he could not rightly build up a business which depended upon selfishness or vanity in his customers' habits of life. He believed that the general adoption of a simpler standard of life would liberate the poor from needless toil, which at present was rendered necessary, in order to provide the richer classes with luxuries. With a similar object in view, he had refused to take the opportunity of creating wealth for himself when it seemed to come to him. Early in his active life he had been troubled at the increasing growth of his little business, and he decided to give up his shop and support himself by his own work as a tailor, with the help of his little farm, and thus to have more leisure to serve the needs of others. Our civilization to-day has need of the message of this man's life, and if landlords and capitalists could read and act upon the spirit of that wonderful little tract of his, "A Word of Remembrance and Caution to the Rich," we should have small need of social revolution, or, rather, the re-moulding of our civilization would become as natural and painless a process as the blossoming of a flower.

With such a theme before him, we must candidly confess to a sense of keen disappointment that Mr. Teignmouth Shore has not produced a more satisfactory book. We had hoped from the title ("John Woolman: His Life and Our Times: Being a Study in Applied Christianity") to find, not only a careful piece of biographical research, but some presentation of the problems of ethics which arise from a study of the teaching and character of this singularly attractive Christian. This book gives us neither the one nor the other, but has, apparently, been made in large measure by an extensive use of scissors and paste. It is not, unfortunately, always a judicious use, for Mr. Shore omits the admirable introduction which the poet Whittier wrote to Woolman's "Journal," although paraphrasing it here and there. He concludes, too, curiously enough, by quoting the dying words of "Joseph White," whoever he may be. There is neither bibliography nor index, and no reference is made to the original manuscript of the "Journal," which is still in existence. On the other hand, Mr. Shore gives us twenty interesting pages on the Philadelphia of Woolman's day, and he also has given a large number of quotations from Woolman's less-known writings, which are not usually reprinted with the "Journal." There are a number of other quotations from sources not easily available to English readers, which form a useful contribution to our knowledge of Woolman and his time, and for these we are grateful to Mr. Shore. The reader who makes, through these pages, his first acquaintance with John Woolman's writings will owe him a still deeper debt of gratitude.

"A POET OF PROMISE."

"Oxford Poetry, 1910-1913." Edited by G.D.H.C., G.P.D., and W.S.V. With an Introduction by GILBERT MURRAY. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913." Chosen by ANFRIDA TILL-YARD. With an Introduction by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH. (Heffer. 5s. net.)

"A Selection of Verses from the Manchester University Magazine, 1868-1912." With a Preface by Sir ALFRED HOPKINSON. (Manchester University Press. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Mr. — is a poet of very considerable promise; we shall await his future work with interest." How many reviewers

have used some such words as these in the friendly notice of a first book of verses? We are sure that we ourselves have used them often enough, and with the strictest sincerity. These three anthologies contain work by well over a hundred writers. The Cambridge volume, covering a much longer period than the Oxford, includes some ten poets, such as Mr. Rupert Brooke, Mr. H. O. Meredith, and Mr. Sarojini Naidu, of whom, although we may reasonably hope that they have not yet reached the full development of their powers, we can say that they have passed beyond the vagueness of mere promise. What they may do we cannot tell; but they have already done something that makes them more than potential poets, and the English anthology of the future will have to remember them. Among the rest of the Cambridge writers and those in the Oxford and Manchester books, there are few of whom this could be claimed (it is, of course, a claim of rare privilege and honor); but there is scarcely one of whom it might not justly be said "Mr. (or Mrs. or Miss, since the Manchester and Cambridge collections include women writers, a fact that Oxford should accept humbly as a reproach)—is a poet of very considerable promise." This does not mean that it is really very likely that Mr. — will some day produce poetry of a high order, but that, if he goes on writing in normal development from his present accomplishment, then good poetry is almost certain to be the result. If he continues to write, he will presently write well—perhaps very well. There is already in his work a desire for style that will, before long, lead either to its achievement or to the sane renunciation of an ambition that he finds he cannot realize. He is beginning already to understand what poetry is; he will, for example, not make the common misinterpretation of the use of the word "style" in the last sentence, and, whatever may come of his creative power, his critical sense will make him too loyal to a great art to become a bad poet. So that we can safely credit him with promise, and wait. But all the time we know in our hearts that, the achievement of fine poetry being so rare and difficult a thing, in nine cases out of ten this promise will be unfulfilled; and it so happens that one of these anthologies is very eloquent on this point.

Leaving out of the question the eighty pages of prize poems which, although George Gissing is among their authors, make a rather terrifying opening to the book, we find in the Manchester collection such names as J. S. R. Phillips, J. Kentish Wright, Thomas Douse, and W. Taylor Smith, each of which is under work that is unquestionably promising. And by the names are the dates—1878, 1868, 1871, 1870. The Oxford and Cambridge volumes (apart from the more established Cambridge poets, who have themselves, of course, helped in creating the influence) have strands of the "Georgian" development running through them, but by no means uniformly, and, in any case, this or that particular influence in a young writer's work is only of momentary importance. We open the Oxford book and find this, written last year or the year before:—

"When the North-Easter whines without,
To the small turret room
We'll climb, and talk of the old times
In the warm firelit gloom;
Or silent sit, while in the blaze
Rise dreams of long ago,
Or slowly turn the yellow leaves
Of an old folio."

And then the Manchester book, and find this of 1868:—

"But me may simple olives feed
The mallows and the chicory weed;
For this alone I suppliant plead,
That I may never tire
Of pleasures now so cheering found,
But—mind untouched, and body sound—
Spend an old age, with honor crowned,
Still playing on my lyre."

There is just a little difference in the dress—the difference between the lyre and the old folio perhaps. But essentially it is the same now, this verse of promise, as it was forty years ago. And just as Mr. Kentish Wright, who wrote the Manchester lines, and his fellows, have at least done nothing unworthy of poetry, escaping into what they found to be a profitable silence, so, we may be sure, will Mr. Ridley of Balliol and his fellows choose not to write at all rather than write ill. That is a very real though a negative virtue.

This is not to say that none of these names will come

to be memorable. Were its experience not at our elbow, we should be tempted to prophesy of more than one of them, so excellent, in many cases, are the first fruits and so bracing is the air in which poetry is moving to-day; but if time approved our selection, it would be due rather to a lucky fluke than our wisdom—the indications in this early work are so uncertain, the shades of difference between one man's verse and another's are often so fine. Professor Gilbert Murray, whose eager generosity towards every young writer who comes in his way is of a piece with the warm vitality of his own work, contributes a finely discriminating introduction to the Oxford volume, an essay full of appreciation of the fresh effort that he sees about him, and at the same time tempered with the mellowness of his own experience, dropping, as it were, a word of kindly but thoroughly wholesome warning into his encouragement and praise. Both he and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—who performs a similar service for the Cambridge book and very wisely points out that contemporary poetry needs more than anything else objective activity for its strengthening, asking that its lyric power shall now expand into epic or dramatic breadth—have, in lending their authority to these collections, done an act as honorable to themselves as it is gracious to the poets of whose work they write.

But, having read through these three books, we cannot but dissent from Professor Murray when he says, "on the whole, each writer has his own special quality and character, and hardly any two of them are much alike." We read the Oxford anthology first, for inclusion in which "Mr. Gerald Gould, for example, has been considered too mature and established to be eligible." We found many delightful poems, many little flashes of achievement, and, as we have said, promise almost everywhere; but, when we had finished, nothing fixed itself in the mind as being quite distinguished from the rest, as having definitely passed beyond the desire for poetry into the attainment of individual form. This impression was strongly emphasized when we began to read the Cambridge anthology, and after twenty pages came to Mr. Rupert Brooke, and then at intervals found Mr. Meredith, Mr. Monro, Mr. Squire, and the others who have been recognized by some consensus of critical opinion. It is not necessary here to discuss the relative or particular merits of these more widely known poets; but the point is that their work immediately announced itself among the rest as something quite distinct and of comparative maturity. Desire, in varying degrees but always noticeably, had grown into power, and each of these men's work was clearly defined as an individual expression of the impulse that was found more or less throughout the three books. This is merely to say that here are a few poets who, starting with the right understanding, have not found it necessary to their own sense of fitness to stop writing, but have been able to develop their gifts into a real and separate power of poetry. Any one of the newcomers may do the same, but the danger is that these anthologies, composed for the most part of first beginnings, should be advanced as evidence of the new quickening of poetry that is clearly in our midst.

Not only do we assent to the general opinion that there is more good poetry being written now than at any period of English literature except the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, but we are inclined seriously to question the usual compliment that, although there are a surprising number of good poets writing now, there are none that show signs of greatness. There are at least half-a-dozen men in Mr. Marsh's "Georgian Poetry," who, by the evidence of work already done, may yet come to place the first part of the twentieth century among the most memorable English epochs, not only for the diffusion of excellent poetry, but for the actual compass of its best. But we must be wary of speaking too precipitately of work that, however rich in promise, cannot yet definitely claim the individuality of poetry. Consideration of the Oxford volume is not complicated by the presence of more mature energy, and it would certainly be unwise to offer this book as evidence that the poetry of 1910-1913 was very much alive. The answer might be that the youth of the relatively obscure Manchester University of forty years ago could do very much what the youth of Oxford can do to-day.

We need hardly add that no word of this is meant in disparagement of the enthusiasm that has gone to the com-

piling of these volumes or in anything but sympathy with the aspirations that they contain. It is all full of health and hope, and everyone who cares for poetry will desire that it may be followed by abundant achievement. And particularly will those who are interested in poetry's contemporary expression find the introductory essays of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Professor Murray helpful.

THE FREEHOLDER THEORY OF SOCIETY.

"English Taxation, 1640-1799: An Essay on Policy and Opinion." By WILLIAM KENNEDY. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. KENNEDY observes in his introduction that two great controversies—the seventeenth-century controversy over the taxing authority, and the nineteenth-century controversy over tariffs, have thrown into the shade the essential problems in taxation. These problems are raised every year in Parliament, but "nothing is more striking than the absence there of anything that could be called a theory of taxation." In the literature on the subject he finds a similar neglect of the fundamental principles of distribution. In this book he takes us back into the philosophy of taxation as it has appeared to political thinkers and politicians at different periods. Who ought to pay taxes? Why? And on what principle should they be assessed?

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Kennedy's very suggestive book is his analysis of the political consequences of what he aptly calls the freeholder view of society; the view, that is, of society as made up of men who are freeholders. The sixteenth-century theory conceived of society as made up of individuals or classes, with certain functions and duties; taxation was one of many functions, and therefore it might or might not be incumbent on a particular class. John Cary, for example, argued that it was the function of the poor to fight and not to pay. This theory accepted the class organization of society that was inherited from feudalism, and tried to moralize it by identifying classes with functions. The Lockean theory that replaced it, also accepted the class organization of society, but rejected the theory of duties and functions. Society was made up of independent individuals, each of whom had rights, which only required to be recognized and protected. A new theory of taxation followed on this theory of society. "The State was an institution formed for this purpose—personified in the home, it was the one member of society which had a function to perform; and consequently every individual, receiving the benefit of this unique service, was bound in fairness to others to share in the cost of its provision." Now the Lockean theory might have been so interpreted as to admit the poorer classes to political power. Democratic speculation, two centuries later, often started from the assumption of natural rights. But it was not so interpreted in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. A strong distinction was then drawn between the classes that had a real share in the fortunes of the State, and those who, in Iretton's language, "had no fixed interest in the country, nothing more than the interest of breathing." And, as Mr. Kennedy shows, the propertied classes came to forget that they were maintained by the labors of others, and came to regard the spending of their incomes as a great social service.

The Lockean theory then went to support the doctrine that all should pay taxes, poor and rich alike. Yet in the eighteenth century we find politicians apologizing for taxing the poor. How does this come about? The answer is that no age has acted consistently on any theory of taxation, and that this particular theory seemed to clash with the facts of contemporary life. Mr. Kennedy shows that the arguments by which the politicians of the period defended their views represent a chaos of logic and sentiment. Every now and again a speaker was found who was quite consistent and uncompromising. Thus Lord Bathurst opposed Walpole's salt tax, on the ground that, while everybody ought to pay taxes who benefited, there were classes that received no benefit from the State. "In all cases it is hard, it is cruel to tax the poor journeymen and day laborers, because it is not to be presumed that they can get anything more than bare subsistence by their daily labor; the profits that may be made go all to the benefit of the master

who employs them. He it is that has the whole benefit of their labor, and ought therefore to pay the taxes." This was a hard saying, and the governing class could hardly be expected to accept it. Also there was a definite economic theory of the time that was not easily reconciled with the ideal of universal taxation. This was the famous belief, a belief that affected history profoundly when it ran its fatal course, that the wages of the poor of every country must always stand about subsistence level. "The poor do not, never have, nor ever possibly can pay any tax whatever. A man that has nothing can pay nothing. . . . He that works for his living will and must live by his labor . . . and equally so whether provisions are dear or cheap." The laborer, according to this theory, was bound to shift off any tax laid upon him. Who then suffered? The employer. "In all countries where the poor have any employment, they are pretty near equally poor; they neither get nor expect more than a comfortable subsistence by their labor, and if you enhance the means of that subsistence by taxes upon the necessities or conveniences of life, their master must increase their wages." This view of taxation lived on, of course, for a long time, and it played an important part in the great controversy over the Corn Laws. It is important, though, to note a contrary view that appeared in the eighteenth century, and had, we think, rather more influence and vitality than Mr. Kennedy believes. This was the view that a tax on necessities lowered wages, because wages were really above subsistence level, and the cause was the idleness of the English workman. Taxes on necessities might be used, then, to oblige the poor to work. Tucker explained that a great manufacturer had found "that in exceeding dear years, when corn and provisions are at an extravagant price, then the work is best and cheapest done; but that in cheap years the manufacturers are idle, wages high, and work ill-done." This theory, that high wages were an evil, does not seem to have had much effect upon taxation, but it had a great effect on the mind of the employing class during the Industrial Revolution.

We have only space to touch on one of the many topics of Mr. Kennedy's book. The book is not always easy to read, and though this is partly due to the subject, we think Mr. Kennedy might have made things a little easier. But his book is well worth study, for it is a very interesting and valuable discussion of an important and neglected side of the history of taxation.

THE BYZANTINE EMPRESSES.

"The Empresses of Constantinople." By JOSEPH McCABE. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. McCABE can tell a story well. His portraits of the Empresses of Constantinople are, however, very unequal. Those belonging to the later period are better than the earlier. Nearly all are drawn entirely from indications, generally very slight, given by Greek monks who were strong partisans engaged in heated theological controversies. The book as a whole, however, gives a wrong conception of Byzantine history. I remember as a boy reading "The Secret History of George III. and George IV.," in which the author had gathered up all the scandalous stories he could find regarding the Courts of those sovereigns. An ignorant reader who would take it to be true would gain an utterly mistaken impression of the British Court and society of the period. Mr. McCabe's book is open to a similar objection. During the eleven centuries of the Greek Empire, there was never a dearth of writers who gave details of Court scandals. As the Empresses took part in theological controversies, they, as well as their husbands, were the victims of the *odium theologicum*, and such controversies went on during nearly the whole period. The populations of Constantinople had always a very keen interest in doctrinal questions. They discussed dogmas with the fierce energy, the coarseness, and the violence of barbarians. In the Councils of Ephesus, for example, each party in the first excommunicated and anathematized the other, while in the second, held a few years later in 449, the Patriarch of Constantinople is reported to have been trampled to death by his brother of Alexandria. At a time when our own ancestors were taking

their theology ready-made from Rome, the people of Constantinople, while always watchful against foreign and temporal enemies, took the keenest interest in the intellectual and spiritual problems of theology. Party spirit was usually at boiling point.

Mr. McCabe's book would leave the ordinary reader to conclude that the history of the Greek Empire is mostly made up of sexual intrigues, inhuman cruelties, and the wild outbursts of religious fanaticism. While there is undoubtedly truth in many of his stories told against the Empresses, there was solid work being done for civilization in which they took part. Theodora was the helpmate of the great lawgiver, bridge-maker, and road-maker, Justinian. Irene, in whom the author sees little except cruelty and a love of intrigue, was the fearless and possibly the unscrupulous champion of the party of iconophiles.

Unfortunately, Mr. McCabe has caught some of the habits of the writers whom he has examined. There is a want of sobriety in his judgments. His adjectives are mostly superlatives. He forces his conclusions. His lights are left white while his shadows are the deepest of blacks. Theodora is a tigress. But Court life was not a mere jumble of wickedness, intrigue, and wanton cruelty. It was not a "welter of brutality and licence" (p. 234), though it was one of excesses and exaggerations. The writer is too hard on the authors whom he quotes, on what he calls the "silken Cantacuzenus," on Anna Comnena, the last pages of whose history are described as "superb in their mendacity," and herself as "one who commonly suppresses the facts." Neither description is just. One should remember Bentham's dictum that the biggest liar always makes more statements that are true than those which are false. Those who have read Anna's long and valuable narrative will not be so hard upon the First of Blue Stockings. Court life was not so bad as the monks are represented by Mr. McCabe to have painted it. In modern times we take a more sensible view of Court life. Those who wish to see the seamy side at present of such life in, say, Vienna, may find it without much research, but the mass of intelligent readers pass it by, not considering that it has much bearing on the general current of history.

There are a few incorrect statements in Mr. McCabe's book which are worth noting. On the second page, Leo the Thracian is described as the Isaurian. The description which follows would apply to the latter, but certainly not to the Thracian. On page 330 we hear of the Warings or Varangians as forming part in a procession in 1432. No contemporary writer known to me mentions the famous guard after the recapture of Constantinople from the Latins, though the late Dr. Neale made the mistake of bringing in their Grand Acolyth in his pleasant romance on the Moslem capture of Constantinople.

Mr. McCabe has devoted much time and great industry to collecting his facts. He claims that he has gleaned with care the scanty references to the Empresses from 453 for a thousand years onward, and he has justified his claim. The brilliant sketches given in M. Diehl's "Figures Byzantines" only cover a small portion of the period. Mr. McCabe is especially good in his portraiture. He tries to make his readers realize what the women looked like. He might, however, have made more of Irene, the beautiful Athenian girl, highly cultured and steeped in Greek philosophy and mythology which the leaders of her race had woven into their form of Christianity and which made her the natural leader of the attack on the Iconoclasts. The Iconoclast struggle in which she took so conspicuous a part brought out the violent passions of both sides, but it was nevertheless a great popular movement towards reformation, an attempt to rid the Church of paganism. Even M. Pargoire freely admits that there was a *surcroît des images* and of their worship. The peoples of the Empire had been compelled to make Christian profession. In doing so they brought in much of pagan practice and worship, and the virtue of toleration had hardly yet been preached.

From very slight indications Mr. McCabe often gives a vivid portrait. His description of that other Irene who became Empress in 1222 is well done. One might wish that he had given some indication of the great development which took place during her lifetime in art—a development which led after the Nicæan Empire to Byzantine renaissance; to the production among other things of the wonderful mosaics in

the church of Chora, the present Kahkrie mosque in Constantinople. He, however, tells us plainly that he confines his attention to Court life and the personality of the Imperial women, so that we must accept his work as it is, and we do so with the remark that it will not require to be done again.

EDWIN PEARS.

A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"Bohemian Days in Fleet Street." By A JOURNALIST. (John Long. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A JOURNALIST" tells us that he set out to write his reminiscences after reading Mr. Philip Gibbs's vivid novel of newspaper life, "The Street of Adventure." He was compelled to speak for the days of old, that he might show us the jocund life in contrast with the dismal. We suggest that he misread, or did not in the least understand, Mr. Gibbs's luminous, lively, and emotional disquisition. To "A Journalist," Mr. Gibbs's characters, each one of whom is sketched as sharply as possible, are "anæmic, neurotic, hysterical." We declare that they are not! "A Journalist" insists that they "belong to a marrowless, joyless, invertebrate breed; seedy, selfish, but superior persons, affording at all times a safe medium for maleficent mind-microbes on the prowl after a reliable culture." Now, this is much more "hysterical," and a great deal less penetrating, than anything to be found in Mr. Gibbs. Brandon, the expert in crime, Quinn the dramatic critic, Grattan the war correspondent, Codrington the dandy, Vicary the news editor, and the two engaging ladies on the staff, are typical journalists of the day we live in; sloggers at their work (behold the exquisite Codrington and the dainty Katherine returning to the office to do their copy, draggled and torn, but quite composed, after a scrimmage among suffragettes); under no sentimental illusions about it; and five times better equipped for it, in the intellectual sense, than were the rank-and-file of the reporting staff in the days beraised by "A Journalist." On the news side—the reporting of events of the hour, at home and abroad—the reputable half-penny papers of to-day would whip to ribbons the "representative journals of the 'eighties." As for the "selfishness" of Mr. Gibbs's very taking young people, "A Journalist" has forgotten (as he has forgotten some other things in this book) their behavior in the presence of the millionaire proprietor on the night when, clearing-off in his thousand-pound car, he left the "Rag" to burn. Not even in the "joyous days" of the 'eighties was it essentially funny to be turned adrift at midnight, penniless, in Fleet Street. This situation is not more comical to-day. The newspaper man, unlike his cousin upstairs—the compositor—has no trade union (unless this name be given to the Institute of Journalists), and has never enjoyed any real security of tenure.

Had the anonymous "Journalist" confessed to us what he understands by Bohemianism, we might join issue with him. The greatly successful men in the business of writing for newspapers have, of course, numbered a few born Bohemians; but these were just the ones—rare in any calling—who could burn the candle at both ends; and they were not Bohemians because they were journalists, but Bohemians who had chosen to be journalists. There has never been a harder calling than the journalist's; and Bohemianism in it has usually succeeded in spite of itself. The occasional potations of Sala would perhaps surprise a tyro of these days; but Sala, with the constitution of an ox, could also work like one. An Archibald Forbes does not die of Bohemianism, whatever Bohemianism in press work may be: he dies of the disease of getting his message first on the wire from the field of battle to Fleet Street—of sheer overwork in his profession. Leave the contributors, and take some two or three of the modern editors of mark. A Frederick Greenwood seeks his office, morning by morning, at about the hour that his printer's devil is on the same route. Stead, who made the press sensational, had never, until his memorable and surprising quest of the "Maiden Tribute," touched the flash side of Bohemianism; he never saw the Derby; and never before middle life set foot in a theatre. Edmund Yates, to be sure, knew his London pretty thoroughly; but, as the successful and very businesslike conductor of "The World,"

he sought his ease oftener amid the quiet reaches of the Thames than amid the music-halls, taverns, and night clubs to which the memory of "A Journalist" so often turns. In their responsible periods, the really forceful or money-making editors of modern days have had little to do with Bohemianism.

"A Journalist" is not at all an unamusing person, and we have no wish to hurt him in remarking that we read his book with the salt-cellar near at hand. When one has been a journalist, and is anonymous, there are temptations. It is little to say that he knew everybody; he seems to have been almost everybody's chiefest friend. It is the world's pity—at least, the newspaper world's—that he has not confided to us his name.

There are some plaguy little slips throughout the work; but who of us remembers everything? Not Nesbit, but Nisbet, was the name of a former dramatic critic of the "Times." Not Bram Stoker, but a writer of far greater merit, L. F. Austin, was Henry Irving's literary aide. Sir Henry Arthur Jones may not wholly agree with the passage concerning "Henry Herman, who afterwards made a reputation for himself as the author of 'The Silver King.'" Mr. William Archer would easily amend the reference to "chicken and champagne." Of "Vanity Fair," "The World," and "Truth," "A Journalist" observes: "I was fortunate enough to write for all three; for two of them I wrote voluminously." Was it while "writing voluminously" for the first of these periodicals that "A Journalist" heard of the choice of "Spy" as the "successor" of "dear old Pellegrini"? Mr. Leslie Ward ("Spy") and "dear old Pellegrini" had been colleagues on the paper for years. The proceeds of the sale of "Vanity Fair" (where, we wonder, did Arthur Evans raise £20,000?) did not go to the founding of "The Lady," which was already well established. We should have thought, too, that a writer whose recollections of the old office in Tavistock Street had been in any degree intimate would scarcely have passed in total silence the name of the gentle and complacent assistant editor of both papers, the late Charles Tiller.

"I am describing," says "A Journalist," "a state of things that has been reformed off the face of the earth." Reformed off the face of Fleet Street, we trust, are such usages as "different to," "conducive of," and "a devoted exponent with." "Literature," says "A Journalist," "has always appealed to me." Well, he might do worse than re-read Mr. Philip Gibbs!

HIGH SPIRITS.

"Here Are Ladies." By JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

MR. STEPHENS is the most playful of authors. In "The Charwoman's Daughter" he played miraculously with the graces of young girls, with the humanity of washerwomen, with the excessiveness of policemen. In "The Crock of Gold" he tumbled head-over-heels forwards, backwards, and sideways through most things in the universe. For his humor is less that of the kitten than of the knockabout, if we may use the word in no derogatory sense. He is a knockabout among the stars and among the moralities. He promenades with a genial irreverence through the courts of Heaven and Hell. He swings mockingly in the branches of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. His new book shows him in all the variations of his ruling temper. A collection of sketches, grouped for the most part in threes—such as "Three Women who Wept," "Three Angry People," and "Three Young Wives"—it is, as it were, a sack of moods, points of view, and every sort of comic rebelliousness. Mr. Stephens empties his sack over us. He does not grope and hunt for precious things to give us. He is, if we may use one of his own favorite adjectives, a "hit-or-miss" author, who gives you a golden sovereign or a brass farthing with the same heartiness. There are some things in "Here are Ladies" that one does not want at all. One would hardly miss the "Three Heavy Husbands" or the tumbling garrulity of "There is a Tavern in the Town." But, to make up for this, with what a laughing rush some of the other sketches insist upon our enthusiastic welcome!

Take, for instance, "The Threepenny Piece," which tells of the Irishman who died, and for his worthlessness was sent

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to Hell, and who put the place in an uproar because somebody stole the threepenny-bit that his four-year-old daughter had innocently slipped into his hand as he lay in the coffin. This is a masterly piece of extravagance. It is quite grossly absurd, if you like, as it describes the anger of the demons when they cannot silence this bawling sinner who turned Hell upside-down with his grievance:—

"'I hate these sinners from the Kingdom of Kerry,' said the Chief Tormentor, and he sat moodily down on his own circular saw; and that worried him also, for he was clad only in a loin-cloth. 'I hate the entire Clan of the Gael,' said he; 'why cannot they send them somewhere else?' and then he started practising again on Brien."

But with what immense high spirits and Protean fancifulness this fairy-tale of eternity is piled up, till Rhadamanthus finally overcomes the robber seraph and flings him by the heels far into space, and the obstreperous Kerryman after him:—

"Down went the seraph Cuchulain, swirling in wide tumbles, scarcely visible for quickness. Sometimes, with outstretched hands, he was a cross that dropped plumb. Then, head urgently downwards, he dived steeply. Again, like a living hoop, head and heels together, he span giddily. Blind, deaf, dumb, breathless, mindless; and behind him Brien, of the O'Brien nation, came pelting and whizzing."

"What of the journey? Who could give it words? Of the suns that appeared and disappeared like winking eyes. Comets that shone for an instant, went black, and vanished. Moons that came, and stood, and were gone."

And so the wild adventure proceeds—as exciting as Satan's fall in "Paradise Lost"—till the pair hit the earth "just outside the village of Donnybrook, where the back road runs to the hills."

"Scarcely had they bumped twice when Brien, of the O'Brien nation, had the seraph Cuchulain by the throat:—

"'My threepenny-bit,' he roared, with one fist up.

"But the seraph Cuchulain only laughed.

"That!' said he. 'Look at me, man. Your little medal dropped far beyond the rings of Saturn.'

"And Brien stood back looking at him.

"He was as naked as Brien was. He was as naked as a stone, or an eel, or a pot, or a new-born babe. He was very naked."

"So Brien, of the O'Brien nation, strode across the path and sat down by the side of the hedge."

"The first man that passes this way,' said he, 'will give me his clothes, or I'll strangle him.'

"The seraph Cuchulain walked over to him.

"I will take the clothes of the second man that passes,' said he, and he sat down."

There, surely, is the genius of fun. Often it is just the fun of a hard slap on the back. But Mr. Stephens slaps you on the back with the imagination of the world in its youth. And, having slapped you on the back, he goes on breathlessly to pour into your ear some monstrous fable of a nagging wife, a mother's love, or of the clerk who secretly wooed his master's daughter. Fable, we say, though Mr. Stephens seldom appends any moral but a whimsical one to his stories. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that his sketches have something of the quality of fairy-tales. He has always a nice population of ogres to let loose on us. Sometimes it is the ogre as husband, sometimes as the girl's father, sometimes as the man in a bad temper. Mr. Stephens is curiously sympathetic towards them all. Exhilarated, not depressed, by their gigantic absurdity, he is on friendly terms with the bitterest and most grotesque among them. He loves Snarleygob as he was never loved in literature before. All the same, his cheers are for those in flight from the ogres—revolting wives, and all the others of the family of rebels. He will applaud any kind of protest even if it is only the protest of snappishness. On the other hand, he can revel like a moralist in the mysteries of submissiveness. The fable of the mother who clung to her devil of a son in the second chapter of "Three Women who Wept"—is at once a hilarious anecdote of devilry and a most touching study of angelic silliness.

It is this background of human sympathies that makes even Mr. Stephens's most farcical capers so different from the ordinary commercial literature that cheers us all up. Mr. Stephens's hop-skip-and-a-jump is as likely as not to take him to the side of a death-bed, and how sincerely he can present an aspect of a death-bed tragedy may be seen in the first of the stories, "Three Young Wives," which tells of a young wife, whose husband loved her only physically, and who caught the small-pox and lost her beauty. As she lies awaiting the birth of her second baby, she sees from her husband's glance that he really wishes her to die, and

her thoughts are full of fear for the child already born—for the second wife that will come, and for the "lonely, pathetic childhood" through which the motherless boy will slink. "She saw these things as she lay looking at her husband, and she believed they would come to pass if she died." And she did die. Mr. Stephens certainly does not cheer us up by pretending that life is all a masked ball and a good supper. His method, however, is not usually so realistic as in this death-bed scene. As a rule, his sketches are not psychological statements, but comically exaggerated comments. He expresses the realities of life—its fears, its combats, its lyric joys—but he does so in the spirit of the showman who is himself part of the show. In other words, he is a humorous essayist almost more than a novelist. He even breaks into platitudes when it suits him. He is an amazing mixture, indeed. Though possessing such a sense of reality, he will throw reality to the winds for a joke—even for a bad joke. He ruthlessly forces comic effects, like a writer for the popular stage. Thus the technique of his work is almost quite haphazard. He does not seem to be aiming at any one thing in it: he will shoot at the moon, at an albatross, and at a clay pigeon, all within half-a-dozen pages. Whether the chaotic nature of the results is a good or a bad thing, it puzzles us to say. Whim is of the essence of his genius, and perhaps to attempt to impose the patience of form on it would be to risk the destruction of its individuality. At the same time, we would plead for a little pruning and re-writing. Mr. Stephens's eloquence is marvellous; let him never allow it to become long-winded. But our last word must not be one of apparent ingratitude. Let us frankly admit that we have enjoyed this book with a particular joy which no other book of the season gave us. Other books may have come nearer greatness, but none of them were fuller of the exuberant and infectious happiness of being alive. Define him how you will, it all comes to this: that Mr. Stephens can pass on to us in a remarkable way the infection of high spirits. In this respect, "Here are Ladies" is worthy to stand on the same shelf as "The Charwoman's Daughter" and "The Crock of Gold."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Painters and Painting." By Sir FREDERICK WEDMORE. Home University Library. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

SIR FREDERICK WEDMORE tells us in his preface that "there is not room for the inclusion of all schools; for the faint praise of the commonplace; for the grave condemnation of coteries lifted momentarily into prominence, and sure to be once more obscure." Thus, in a measure, he discounts the very obvious criticism of this little volume, that it is neither sufficiently comprehensive nor up to date. Nevertheless, we could have wished for a word on some of our latest "coteries lifted momentarily into prominence"; and we could have wished also for some mention of Japanese painting, and for some attempt to trace its influence, enormous as it has been, upon the development of modern European art. Otherwise, the author chats very pleasantly about Continental and English masters, discreetly cuts short his references to the Italian painters (who are far better known in this country than our own), and deals comparatively fully with the French School. Sir Frederick Wedmore is perhaps better suited to deal with the nooks and crannies of art-history than with wide movements and tendencies; happier in his appreciation of the sketches of Constable or Manet, for instance, than in his estimate of the relative importance of the several schools. The book is not free from flaws. There is an absurd blunder (p. 35) which represents Helena Fourment as the sister-in-law, instead of the wife, of Rubens, and credits her with being the original of the "Chapeau de Poil." Susanne Fourment, of course, is meant. On p. 180 we find a reference to Gainsborough's "Willshire, the parish clerk," which may be meant for that painter's "Wiltshire, the Carrier," or "Orpin, the Parish Clerk"—a strange confusion of titles that cannot but make one suspect the writer's familiarity with either picture. On p. 127, "If Girtin had lived, I should have died" is a somewhat unhappy version of Turner's famous saying: "If Girtin had lived, I should have starved." These and a few other signs of haste might, in the case of a less well-known authority than Sir Frederick, be regarded as signs of incompetence.

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THE Stock Exchange has been rather more active and rather more cheerful since last week; but the movements have been very uncertain, and the still rising flood of Colonial issues, as well as the situation in Paris, seems to preclude the possibility of any real recovery at present in gilt-edged stocks; though, apart from temporary conditions, they offer an admirable field for investment. At home, bank and insurance shares are still rising; breweries are less active, owing perhaps to fears of new taxation, if the Navy League agitation should be as successful as it was in 1909. In the American market, the Union Pacific has been the centre of activity, operators speculating on the effect of the distribution. On Wednesday, Mexican railway shares recovered, probably on the rumored recall of our Ambassador, who is supposed to have been acting against the American Government. But Brazilian securities went lower, as financial troubles are reported to be extending, and the sale of the Dreadnought has been followed by an order for another. The prospects of the Money Market are not particularly good; but at the moment it is enjoying an appearance of ease as the result of the release of funds required for year-end transactions. The Bank, in reducing the Rate to 4½ per cent., fulfilled the City's hopes; but so long as the supply of capital is unequal to the demand, there is no prospect of a continued period of cheap money and low discounts. It is understood that a new Greek loan of twenty millions will be issued shortly at about 87 in Paris. Of this total, about thirteen millions is supposed to have been advanced to Greece during the war by the armament bankers—chiefly those allied with Creusot in Paris. It is only about twenty-two years since the Greek Government failed paying only about 7s. in the £. The Paris bankers are therefore not likely to get much assistance from London. The Servian loan for ten millions, which is expected in a week or two, will add more than one-third to the existing Servian Debt, which is already in the hands of an international banking commission. Nevertheless it is hoped to issue a 5 per cent. loan at over 90. Among the recent issues, the most attractive is the 4½ per cent. of the Province of Saskatchewan at 96½, which is convertible into registered stock on favorable terms.

THE UNION PACIFIC "MELON."

As the result of the sale of Southern Pacific stock, Union Pacific stockholders are at last to receive a "melon," as Wall Street calls any bonus to stockholders in the nature of a capital distribution. The Southern Pacific stock was sold partly for cash and partly exchanged for \$21,273,600 of 4 per cent. Preferred and the same amount of common stock of the Baltimore and Ohio. The Union Pacific already owned about \$17,000,000 Preferred and \$32,000,000 common stock of the Baltimore and Ohio, and it was thought that the increase in its control of the Baltimore and Ohio would practically make it a transcontinental system, without bringing it into opposition with Washington under the Anti-Trust Law. It is now announced, however, that the whole of the Union Pacific stockholding will be distributed to Union Pacific stockholders, which will give the holder of

each \$100 of Union Pacific stock nearly \$25 of Baltimore and Ohio common and nearly \$18 of Baltimore and Ohio Preferred, in addition to which \$3 per share is to be distributed in cash. As the result of this reduction in its assets, the Union Pacific will reduce its dividend from 10 to 8 per cent. Union Pacific stock has gone up on the announcement, but Baltimore and Ohio has fallen to about 90 in the expectation that many Union Pacific holders will be inclined to sell. Baltimore and Ohio pays 6 per cent. dividends, and the stock had previously come down to about 95, owing to apprehensions as to the ability of the line to keep up this rate. The company is one of the Eastern lines, on which rates on commodities like coal have been cut to unremunerative figures by competition, and has applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to raise them. If this permission is given and a margin over the 6 per cent. dividend is maintained, the stock will undoubtedly stand higher than it does now. Even on a 5 per cent. dividend, the yield at the present price would be 5½ per cent., and the traffic management has shown marvellous ability in the last two years in increasing train-loads and cheapening the cost of transport; but, unfortunately, this has been accompanied by an increase in the number of accidents and in the amount disbursed annually for compensation. Apart from this, the stock is not at all a bad investment at the present time, with the speculative chance of a good rise if the freight-rate case gives something to the railroads—a by no means unlikely contingency in my opinion.

OTHER AMERICAN STOCKS.

Strangely enough, the freight-rate question does not seem to have provided Wall Street with a sufficient excuse for a flutter in the stocks of the Eastern railroads, who stand to gain if any increase is granted. It would be rash, of course, to expect a great deal, and it is not probable that the wholesale 5 per cent. increase for which the railways are asking will be granted. But the rates on coal, for instance, which in many cases are now less than one farthing per ton per mile, may perhaps be suffered to be placed on a paying level. If this is the case, such stocks as Erie common or Preferred might improve substantially; but they are little more than gambling counters; otherwise, the task of building up the resources of the line out of the very small surplus of earnings over bond interest may become an impossible one if expenses continue to rise as they have done. Pennsylvania, however, on which rates are just as low, but where their effect is covered by other sources of income, has long been regarded as one of the soundest stocks in the market, though its severe fall during the past year has somewhat destroyed confidence in it. The yield on this stock is nearly 5½ per cent., and the dividend is still covered by a good margin, though the ratio of earnings to capital has been reduced by the rather ostentatious and expensive advertisement of the tunnels under the Hudson River, in order to provide a magnificent station in New York City. It has always been thought that the very high ratio of operating expenses of this line concealed a margin of undisclosed earning power, and this consideration, together with the freight-rate chance, certainly makes the stock a cheap security just now. Among the Western roads, which perhaps offer more scope for increased earning power through development of their territory, Atchison looks the most inviting with a yield of 6½ per cent. on the present 6 per cent. dividend. There is little doubt about the ability of the line to maintain this rate on the present freight charges; but it is the farming interest who are the chief exponents of railroad-baiting, and the Western roads can hardly hope to increase their profits by raising their charges. They will do well if they can keep them at their present level.

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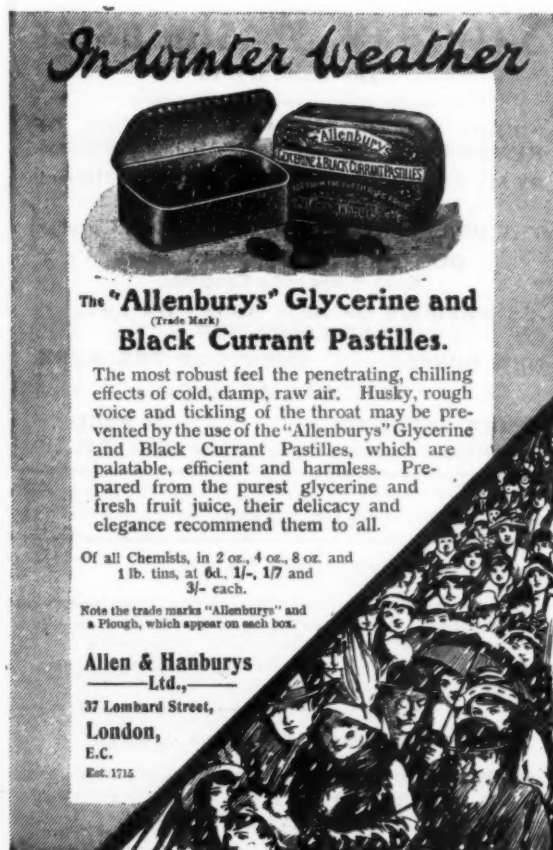


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